



CHALMERIANA

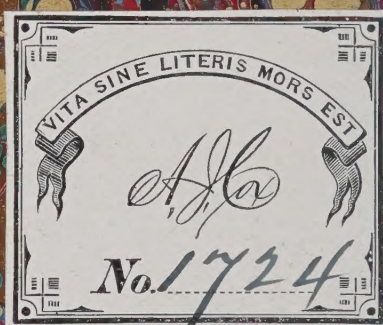
HARGRAVE

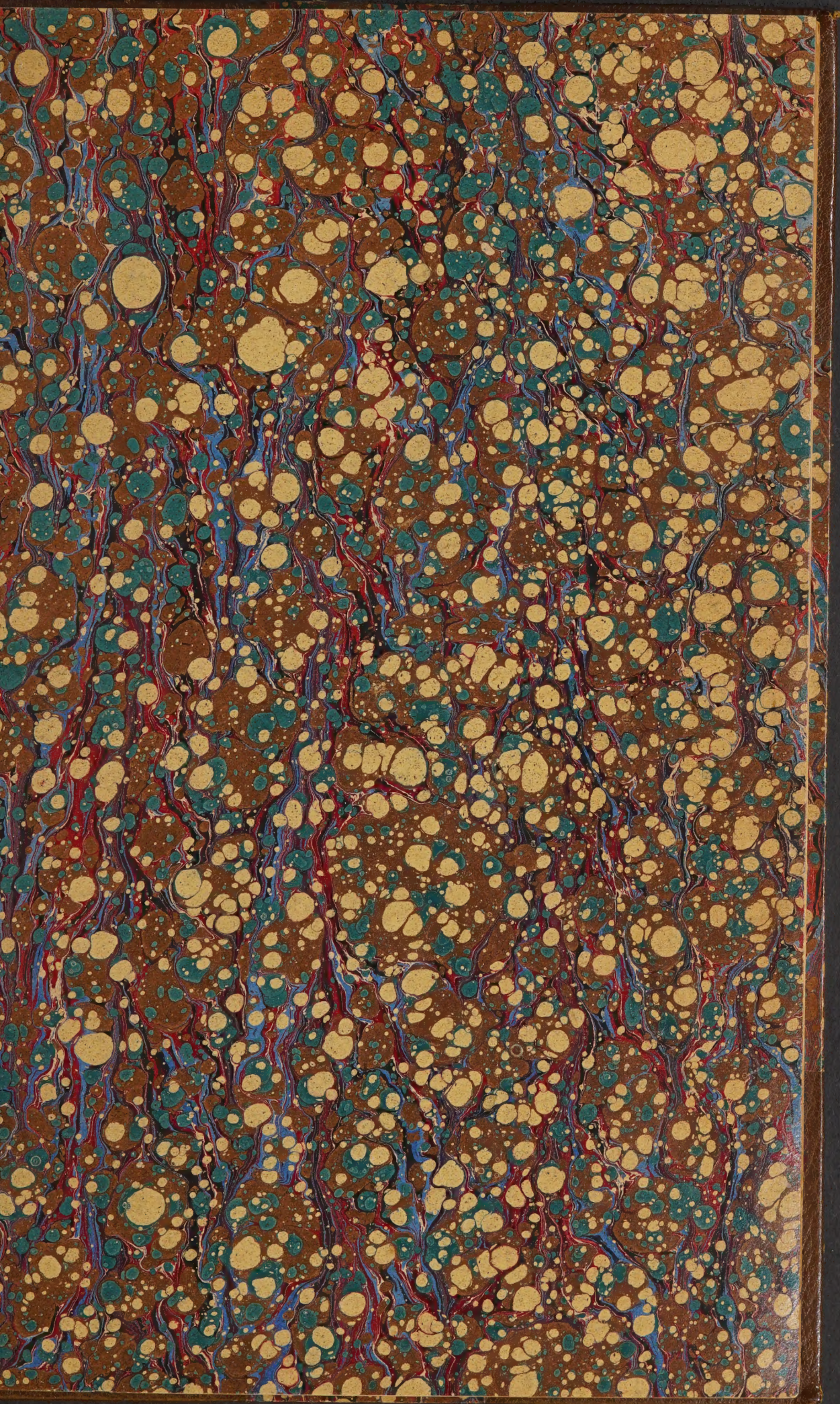


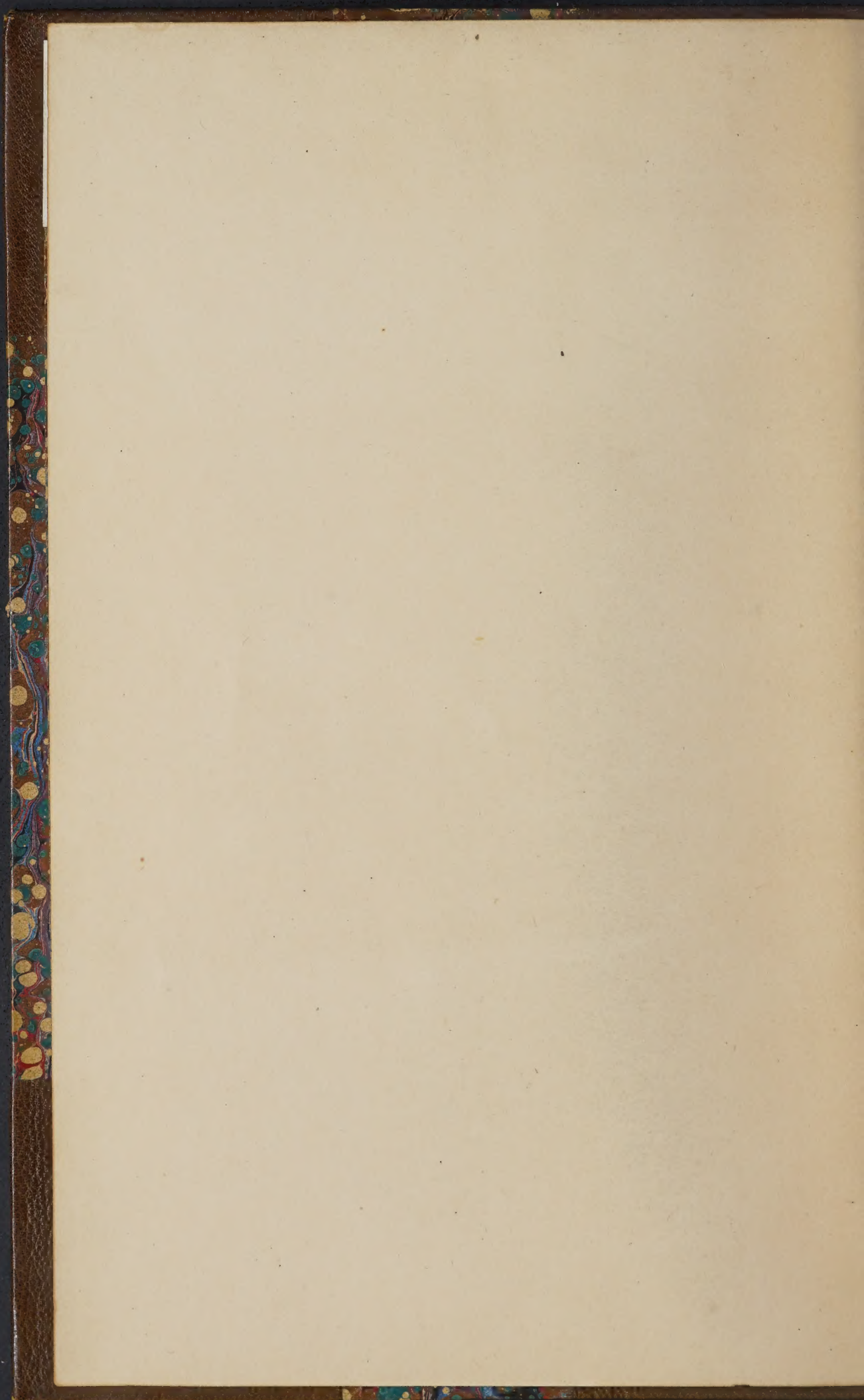




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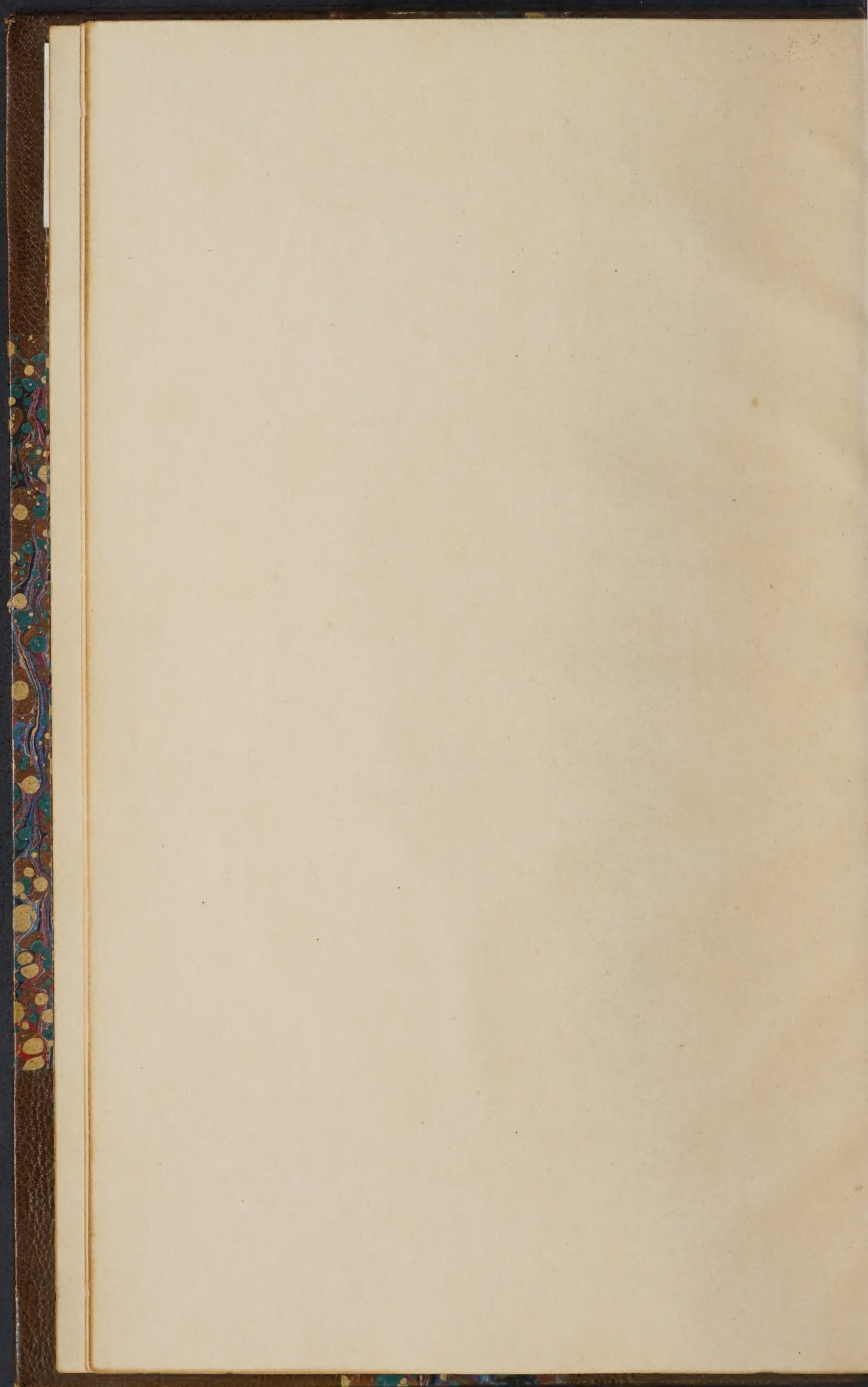






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[Mathias (T. J.)]
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CHALMERIANA:

OR

A COLLECTION OF PAPERS

LITERARY AND POLITICAL,

ENTITLED,

LETTERS, VERSES, &c. OCCASIONED BY READING
A LATE HEAVY SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY FOR
THE BELIEVERS IN THE SHAKESPEARE PAPERS
BY GEORGE CHALMERS, F. R. S. S. A.

ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED

By Mr. OWEN JUNIOR, of Paper Buildings,
Inner Temple;

ASSISTED BY HIS FRIEND AND CLERK,

Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE.

REPRINTED FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE, IN WHICH
THEY FIRST APPEARED.

Allez jusqu' ou l'Aurore en naissant voit l' Hydaspes,
Cherchez pour l'y graver le plus précieux JASPE;
Sur mon tombeau futur courez pour l' éhancer,
Et en lettres de plomb allez ces vers placer;
" De sa plume épuisant la pesante énergie,
" CHALMERS, LE GRAND CHALMERS, FIT MON APOLOGIE!"

Avis posthume de Monsieur IRELAND à son Exécuteur futur
très fidele, touchant l'Ouvrage Apologétique du celebre CHALMERS.—Extrait
de quelques Testamens pretendus Literaires de plusieurs grands Hommes &
Gens de Lettres de ce Siecle, en M. S. chez moi.

JASPER HARGRAVE.

COLLECTION THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, PALL MALL,
1800.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

IN TWO VOLUMES

PRINTED BY D. JAKES, LOWER SLOANE STREET, CHELSEA.

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF LONDON

THE BOOKSELLER

TO

The Readers of the CHALMERIANA.

MESDAMES et MESSIEURS,

IT was once the fate of Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, to examine minutely a particular Treatise, though he considered it as “a filly, dull
“book, full of blunders and void of facts, in which
“the truths were ridiculous and the lies serious, tedious in discussion and comic from improbability.” These words were certainly prophetic of many late writings, and in my opinion of none more pointedly than of “The Supplemental Apology, and Postscript, for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers,

by George Chalmers." By way of introduction therefore to the CHALMERIANA, (which I have collected for your pleasure and satisfaction,) I shall present you with an Extract from *the Battle of the Books* by Dean Swift, in which I have abridged

THE FABLE

OF

THE BEE AND THE SPIDER.

" Upon the corner of an high window dwelled a certain SPIDER, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of an infinite number of *Flies*, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. In this mansion he had dwelt for some time, without danger to his person from *swallows* from above, or to his palace by *brooms* from below. When it was the pleasure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering BEE, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went,

went, where expatiating for a while he happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of THE SPIDER'S Citadel, which yielding to the unequal weight sunk down to the very foundation. While THE BEE was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb, the SPIDER adventured out, when beholding the chafms, the ruins, and the dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end. He stormed and swore like a madman, and having swelled himself into the size and posture of a Disputant, began his *argument* in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

“ Not to disparage myself, said THE SPIDER, by the comparison with such a ———; what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe.

Your

Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature ; you are a freebooter over fields and gardens, and for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a *domestic* animal, furnished with a *native* stock within myself. This large Castle, (to shew my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials *altogether out of my own person.*"

" I am glad, answered THE BEE, to hear you grant at least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice ; for then, it seems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights and my music. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the garden ; but whatever I collect from thence enriches myself, *without the least injury* to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say. In that building of yours there might, for ought I know, have been *labour and method* enough, but by woeful experience it is plain,

the

the materials are naught. You boast indeed of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; yet your inherent portion of *dirt* does not fail of acquisition by *sweepings* exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a store of *poison* to destroy another. So that in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride which, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into *excrement and venom*, producing nothing at all but *fly-bane and a cobweb*: or that, which by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home *honey and wax.*"

" *The Two Parties of BOOKS IN ARMS*, (says the military historian) stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue, which was not long undetermined; for *THE BEE*, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a *Bed of Roses*, without waiting for a reply, and left *THE SPIDER.*"

Now,

Now, Reader, to the Muses and JASPER; let
us scent together the morning fragrance on the banks
of the Thames and the Avon.

THE BOOKSELLER.

CHALMERIANA:

CHALMERIANA:

OR

A COLLECTION OF PAPERS

LITERARY AND POLITICAL,

ENTITLED,

LETTERS, VERSES, &c.

On reading a late heavy Supplemental Apology for the
Believers in the SHAKSPEARE PAPERS, by GEORGE
CHALMERS, F. R. S. S. A.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING
CHRONICLE.

Sept. 4, 1799.

No. I.

EPIGRAM I.

GEORGE, 'tis odd you cannot rest,
Since you rummag'd IRELAND's Chest:
Think of your Office and your Head—
Sure, you've enough of Scraps and Lead!

B EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM II.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SCHOOLMASTER AND A
Scholar.

SCHOOLMASTER,

Master GEORGE, pray, where's your *folio*?

Octavo, Sir:—Here, here's my *Olio* *.

SCHOOLMASTER.

What—nought but Blunders? Why, you Goofe,
Sure, Bæotia is let loose!

Look, here my Boy: See—Noun, Pronoun—

It must be—Let his Breeches down!

Fault upon fault!—Verb, *Participle* †—

OH—

Oh, dear!—the Rod begins to tickle!

SCHOOLMASTER.

This Adverb's wrong—and this *Conjunction*!

CH—

Pray, Sir, stop:—'tis not my function.

SCHOOLMASTER.

Preposition—Interjection.—

CH—

Spare, and leave me to *reflection*.

* *Olio*—a Dish made by mingling different kinds of Meat.
DR. JOHNSON.

† Alluding to Mr. Chalmers's gross Grammatical ignorance in mistaking a Participle for a Verb, and reasoning upon it in the Postscript to his Apology.—The rhyme *Participle* and *tickle*, is, I believe adopted from some ancient poet, to whom an allusion is made.

BOOKSELLER.

EPIGRAM III.

THE MINISTER AND THE *Grammarian*.

Says PITT to GEORGE, I like your plan
Yet 'tis a little bold :
But he that wins may laugh, my friend ;
I'll turn *your Lead* to Gold !

How many parts has *Income*?—Ten :

“ Sir, *Grammar* has but Eight : ”

Why then, next year I'll take your hint ;

Grammar is better for the State.

OWEN, Junior.

No. II.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS, VERSES, &c.

OCCASIONED BY A LATE SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY,
&c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR, Inner Temple, Sept. 8. 1799.

IN consequence of your printing my Epigrams in your Paper of 5th September several inquisitive persons have discovered that I live in the Inner Temple, which I now acknowledge publicly. They have just sent me a variety of different compositions in celebration of Mr. Chalmers's immortal Work (which Work every sleepless man and woman should read), I mean *The Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers*. The writers all seem to agree in the weight of the great Author, and some of them tell me they shall transmit to my chambers a variety of pleasantries, such as Half Odes, fragments of Epistles, Critical Sketches, and other pieces, which they assure me are *very clever*.

They also declare upon the honour of *Poets* (I know you'll laugh), that all their effusions are written out of pure gratitude for the *diversion* and *merriment* which Mr. C. has afforded them. Perhaps after all, they only banter me.

My

My Clerk has been very angry at paying the postage of so many Letters from different parts of the kingdom to Mr. Owen, jun. Inner Temple; for, when he expected that some of them contained Cases for me to answer, and that others had Retainers, Refreshing Fees, and such professional douceurs, he found nothing but scraps of Poetry and such stuff, for which indeed Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE (for that is my Clerk's name) *at present* has very little taste; but he will improve, if I am not mistaken. He advised me either to return them to their respective authors, or to send them in a lump to the Master of the Temple, or the Preacher of Lincoln's-inn, or such folks who know more Greek than Law: but I chose to be my own master in this particular, and smiled at my friend Jasper's want of taste. But what can one expect from a Copying Clerk? though by the bye, I think they ought to be paid a little better than they are; and I have actually advanced Mr. Jasper's wages in consideration of his being obliged to read Verses now and then, which is the worst thing a Lawyer can do. It is never forgiven, Sir, in our profession if a man is known to have a turn that way.

I have indeed some misgivings, and fear you may be of my Clerk Jasper's opinion; yet I have made a small selection for you, all in the Epigrammatic way for the present, which will be particularly agreeable to a man of taste like Mr. C. I must also tell you that I have bought a CHEST (not quite so big as Mr. Ireland's) for the purpose of keeping all the Verses, &c. &c. which may be sent me (and I am threatened with so many, that I hope they will be franked:) but the papers will certainly be original; and I can affirm that they never were in the possession of any Baronet of seven thousand a year, like the Irish Shakespeare. I have also another chest, rather smaller, for all

the evidences which I have collected concerning *every* writer of Junius: but I have myself some undoubted documents (which have never seen the light), to prove incontestibly that, after all the disputes on the subject, JUNIUS and the Author of *The Pursuits of Literature* (I wont tell you yet their real names) were BOTH SCOTSMEN. But these I shall reserve for the present, and begin with the Epigrams, to which the Public, I hope, will pay great attention; but by way of foils I shall sometimes mix a few of my own.

I am Sir, yours,

OWEN, JUNIOR.

PLUMBO COMMISSA MANEBUNT.

EPIGRAM IV.

A Chemical EPIGRAM;

ON READING THE *Supplemental* APOLOGY.

(Written by Dr. MOSELEY, the ingenious Author of the celebrated *Treatise on Sugar*.)

SWEET is the Air PITT breathes at Walmer's;
 Sweet the Cane in India bred;
 Sweet are the *sugar'd* words of CHALMERS;
 But his Sugar is—of Lead!

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM V.

A *Chimerical* EPIGRAM;

Occasioned by reading the following words in the *Supplemental* Apology, p. 608: "There ought to be no
" Comma (,) after (a) *Vacuum*, unless there be one after
" (a) *Chimera*."

*Written by the Chaplain to the Volunteer Corps of Marshal's
Men commanded by Sir James Bland Burges, Baronet.*

Sir JAMES, Knight Marshal in Love's Field,
Was frighten'd on Cythera,
And *Commas* after Cupid put,
In dread of his *Chimæra*!

Not so the Knight of Leaden Mace—
He runs *without a muzzle*,
And tilts at ev'ry Nymph and Grace,
Content the Cause to puzzle.

To ev'ry Critic in his wrath
He shews his Gorgon head:
A *Vacuum* is all he fears—
So fills the void with *Lead*!

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM VI.

A *Nautical* EPIGRAM.

(Signed in the M.S. EVAN NEPEAN, Secretary to the
Admiralty.) J. H.

Great DUNCAN late off Camper-down
A *Supplemental* Pilot with'd,
What time he strengthen'd England's Crown,
And the Dutchmen desily *dish'd*.

What man of *weight* should be preferr'd,
Whispers around the Council ran:
PORTLAND humdrumm'd, DUNDAS demurr'd,
But none had wit to name the man.

Says SPENCER, thoughtful, shrewd, and cool,
"You have a *Clerk* of solid head;
"Send *Him*, my Lord of LIVERPOOL;
"For who can better heave *the Lead*?"

(A true Copy)

(L. S.) JASPER HARGRAVE,
Clerk to Mr. Owen, jun. Inner Temple,

No. III.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR, Inner Temple, Sep. 13. 1799.

MY Friend and clerk, Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE, to whom I introduced you lately, and with whom I hope you will soon be better acquainted, is very solicitous that I should employ him again in *your* service. I say in yours, not mine; for since I have given him free access to the Poetical Chest, I can get very little work done in my office. Yet the dog, who scarce ever heard of wit before, now attempts raillery himself, and assures me his Work is still in *Banco Regis*, with this difference, that all he does now is in the name of GEORGE C. instead of GEORGE R.; and, what with Demurrers, Replications and Rejoinders, Rebutters and Sur-rebutters, which he puts in rhyme, he teazes me out of all patience, and then swears with Horace, whom he has heard me cite, that Apollo has saved *him*. However, as Jasper writes so legible a hand, I must look over these little impertinences.

He

He is so taken with the contents of the numerous packets which I receive every day, that he never leaves me a moment in quiet: with a significant look he is constantly coming to me with Verses—"Pray, Sir, let me copy this Epigram—this Fragment (you see whose it is;—mum); but above all, the beginning of this Epistle—I'm sure it would suit Mr. Editor, who is a judge of fine writing." It is in vain for me to cry out, "Hold your tongue, Jasper: don't you see I am employed in answering an *Income Case* for Mr. LOWNDES of the Tax Office, and can't speak to you." But nothing can stop Jasper. It is no wonder the Commissioners should now and then be puzzled, when I am entrusted to give opinions on the Act. I sometimes swear, and wish Mr. LOWNDES would let Jasper put the whole *Income Act* in Verse, and select the essence of it in *Golden Rules*, for the Commercial Commissioners to print and distribute. They would have such an effect in the City! There is not a Banker or a West India Merchant who would not feel the force of this decimal, or rather decimating arithmetic in Verse. Dictæ per Carmina sortes, Mr. Editor, they say; and there is indeed a necessity for some *charm* to draw men of business to speak out fairly and honestly.

The other day in the middle of a *Declaration* Jasper was copying (and I was writing an opinion in the next room), he came in very unseasonable haste, and said he wanted to go out immediately, and could not rest till he had been. I remonstrated, and said, "You know Mr. Mingay expects me to read the very case at seven this evening, and it absolutely must be finished." No; all in vain: he would go out.—"But where do you want to go, Jasper?" "To Mr. Hookham's Sir, for the *Supplemental Apology*, GEORGE C. in the Case of IRELAND and Co. But it is difficult at present

present to settle *all* the points in dispute between George and Ireland!" Jasper gave me a sly look, and affected to whisper.—"But why so hasty?"—"Sir, I want the words in evidence, and think besides, that I shall be able to make a note or two upon a Fragment of Lord C—le's which contains something *mysterious*, and particularly as there is no *print or drawing* annexed to it, to tell what his Lordship means, which is very convenient in *Dramatic* performances, which might be otherwise unintelligible. It came in the last packet, and I have set my mind upon decyphering his Lordship's meaning." By the bye, I should have told you, Mr. Editor, that Jasper had not yet seen the Supplemental Apology, and knew it only by character and as I had informed him. In short, I let him go.

When he got to Bond-street, he was so sublimely intent on his poetry, that the Duke of Queensbury had like to have run over him in his *new Piccadilly Cart*,* and if Lord William had not fortunately seized the reins and stopt the horse, I should probably have lost Jasper's services for several weeks. I wish all those *young fellows* who drive in Bond-street would take a little more care of the Ladies and the poets. The other day, as the dashing Brewer and Madame were driving furiously at the turning, Wright the bookseller had nearly lost poor Gifford, whose eyes are none of the best, as he was crossing the street and thinking of his Juvenal.—But this you must read in a parenthesis.

When Jasper came to the shop, "Mr. Hookham," says he, "I want one of your *Circulating Books*—Mr. George Chalmers's

* It is hoped that the Duke's Coachmaker has preserved a drawing of this elegant Summer vehicle in *September* for the instruction of posterity, concerning this young Damasippus: *In columen præstet Septembribus horis.*

mers's Supplemental Apology; but I want to keep it a month or six weeks." Mr. Hookham replied, in his usual vein of pleasantry (you know Hookham's manner, Mr. Editor, it is universally admired, quite a pattern for his profession, and I should have told you, that he and Jasper are old friends). "You are jocular, my good friend; a *circulating* book! I see you have been at Debrett's in your way to pick up a little wit. Bless your heart, *Circulating* Apology!—why, man, it never moves; it is absolutely fixed to the counter at Egerton's. Between friends, I think George should write another volume as large, to apologise for the *manner* of writing it. It was not ill judged in Mr. C. to publish it at the *Military* Library, and the bookseller himself a military man." "Happy, happy, happy pair!—none but the *brave* deserve, &c." You know, Hookham is Musical; and there was something inexpressibly arch in his eye when he hummed the air: you would have thought he had sold fifty Concert Tickets that morning. He then said, "To be fair with you, my friend Jasper, I have really but one copy of it: the facts I am told, are all fiction and invention—a mere clumsy Irish novel; and some say it is a horrible large (you know what) in octavo: but it is of indispensable use to me in the Reading room; so you cannot have it; 'faith, you cannot.'"—"But I must take it with me for a week at least," said Jasper hastily: "No, no, you cannot; but you are so good-natured, you won't press me when you know what I want it for. Some of the visitors are so d—mned fond of newspapers, and keep them so long, that many of my subscribers cannot get a paper sometimes without waiting an hour. So I contrive to keep the Supplemental Apology constantly on the table; and as I have it bound very fine, it acts like a metallic tractor, and draws Dr. H. Dr. R. Mr. L. Mr. K. and some others who keep the papers insufferably long. However when they once get hold of it
for

for a few minutes, they are soon disqualified for all other reading whatsoever, and become as fast and fixed to their chairs as the Lady in Comus. You may be sure I do not send for Sabrina on the occasion. The apology itself is indeed the true essence of Nepenthe mixed with a very large proportion of the Extract of Saturn. My bookbinder has ornamented the back and sides of the Supplement with all the emblems of the Saturnian age, and has contrived to stamp Saturn's crown and leaden mace, of which Jupiter deprived him, and the *rude* scythe which he was forced to take up with afterwards, when he could do no better. My binder has a pretty taste for mythology, Mr. Jasper." Hookham was proceeding on the subject in as *neat and appropriate a speech* as if he were going to present a pair of colours in petticoats, but Jasper was impatient, and would stay no longer. However, as he was determined to have the Supplemental Apology at any rate, he went to Egerton's and bought it, like an A double S.

Jasper then told me, it would have done any humane man good to have witnessed the rapture of Mr. Egerton, when he actually *took the money for the book*. He could hardly believe that any man in his senses would part with seven shillings for such a *thing*, and seemed to think it a kind of miracle. He told Jasper in confidence all the proposals he had received from the undertaker, the trunk-maker, and the coffee-house, if he would part with *the whole at once*, in sheets. But (as I know, Mr. Editor, you will be silent on the occasion) he at last told my Clerk Jasper, as a profound State-secret, that no less a personage than General Sir Ralph Abercromby had been with him a few days before he set out on the secret expedition to Holland, to treat. "Good God, Mr. Egerton, to treat—about what?" said Jasper in surprise. "I'll tell you, if you will but have a moment's patience, my good friend. Sir Ralph said he had it in command to treat
with

with me for *the whole* impression, and offered to take it off my hands *en masse*, and ship it in casks as *sheet-lead*, in case of any deficiency, or if they should have *a little more to do than they expected*, (which will sometimes happen in the best appointed schemes) it was his intention to use them rolled up instead of bullets against the Dutchmen. An Officer who was with Sir Ralph, who had heard of the fame of *all* Mr. Chalmers's writings, laughed at the idea of *sheet-lead*, and as he spoke French admirably, said, "*Ah, vous avez raison, Monsieur le General, c'est être fort prévoyant; mais c'est plutôt DU PLOMB EN BARRE que les feuilles de ce Monsieur Chalmers.*" But Mr. Egerton, for some reason or other, declined this *Government* proposal, and I believe has heartily repented of it ever since.

Mr. Editor, if ever you wish to make a man useful to you, and keep him so, put all books and verses out of his way. The effect they have already had on my Clerk Mr. Jasper Hargrave, is prodigious and alarming, and very inconvenient to me. He insensibly has acquired (you know I hinted to you that I thought he would) a kind of taste, and thinks himself qualified for something better than copying. He takes upon himself to judge, and for the present I would observe that if you do not quite approve all the verses I send, I verily believe he puts in a verse or two of his own, which he thinks has a *finer* effect. But I must submit, as I have made him what he is, by my own folly.

It will be your own fault if I do not send you an account of Jasper's progress in the fine arts; and the books he reads and the criticisms he makes on men and manners. He had the assurance the other day to tell me, he should "*leave all meaner things;*" and when I told him to give over such nonsense, and talk about *the three goats* in the Welsh cause

I was

I was retained in, he seized his military hat, (for Jasper belongs to our Temple Corps; he is rather a smart fellow—I'll point him out to you some day in our Gardens), and cocking it as gallantly as Capt. Graham himself, said, "Together let us beat this ample field; try"—"Try first to hold your silly tongue, Jasper," I said, "this poetical chest has turned your head, and I fear the Supplemental Apology will finish the business." But as he is a good humoured fellow, he only smiled, "You shall see, Sir." Upon my word he is a more singular character than you would expect; it is a pity he should blush unseen, like the flower of the poet. But from all the symptoms I have observed, and perhaps may tell you in a future letter, my Clerk Jasper is irrecoverably a verse-man and a prose-man. I cannot fancy you will think I have said too much of him.

I shall in my next give you some extracts from the chest, which Jasper is now copying in his fairest hand. Mr. Chalmers has appeared in the literary circle in London, like Vulcan among the celestials on Mount Olympus. When that awkward God came hobbling and limping to offer them *his services*, Homer tells us, that "inextinguishable laughter burst forth among the immortal Gods," or, as I think Dacier says, they indulged "en grands eclats de rire à gorge déployée." But it is high time now to present you with the selection for this day, of the original verses suggested by the supplemental prose of the Anglo-Lemnian. Jasper has written them very plain indeed. One copy he selected himself; I need not tell you which; you will possibly guess.

I am yours truly,

OWEN, Junior.

P. S. I am very sorry indeed, that contrary to my expectations,

pectations, you must wait for the Epigrams till my next Number. Jasper is not ready, for he made so large a blot on his paper, that he chose to copy the whole over again; for he's a neat creature. But I rather suspect he has been exercising what he calls his judgment, and I fear has put in a line or two, and will bring them to me with an air of triumph, and swear that "The verse divine comes mended from his pen."

No. IV.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Inner Temple, Sept. 21, 1799.

IF my Clerk, Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE, continues to give such pleasant accounts as he did lately of his conversation with Hookham and Egerton on the *Supplemental Apology*, I find my Chambers will soon be little better than a Lounge for young Lawyers. I believe no less than ten or twelve of them knocked at my door the day after I sent you my last Letter, not to see me, but Jasper. Now, Sir, if a Book, or a Sermon, or a Poem of real merit comes out, these young fellows have seldom time to read them; but they still keep up the old character of our Inns of Court: they study Shakespeare, d—mn the Commentators and their lumber, parody the characters, send you a few squibs for your CHRONICLE, then dress (if it can be called dressing at present), dine at Richards's, stroll to the Play at half price—and you may guess how the evening ends. These young Knights Templars are not quite so alarmed at

C

Cupid

Cupid and his Mama as our friend Sir James, "Knight Marshal in Love's Field," as the Cyprian Chaplain of his amiable Corps styled him in the Epigram, which Jasper copied for you in my second Number. But, to do them justice, nothing suits them so well as a neat Epigram; for wit, you know, is easier understood than law.

However, if they call so often, I shall give you an account of their characters, as they take up too much of my Clerk's time. But as I remember most of them at College, I shall let them have their way at present. They often say to me; "OWEN, where did you pick up that Clerk of yours? he is a lively odd dog; shrewd and communicative. Why, he can't be above two and-twenty at most: he's something of a Quiz, but we don't like to banter him too much, for he generally gives us something better than we bring; that's the truth of it."

"You must do as you please, Gentlemen; but, upon my word I cannot spare you my own time any more than Gibbs or Erskine; and, if you knew the extent of Jasper's ideas, perhaps you would be a little more considerate of his. If he jokes with you, however, he'll always do it like a Gentleman; he'll never dismiss you in a rude, coarse, clumsy way, but only hint at the improvement young men like you might make of your time and *talents*; and, if his manner of pronouncing a word now and then stands instead of an epithet, you'll excuse him."

We talk in this manner, but curiosity will get the better of propriety. Yet for my own part, I never saw any thing succeed well without a little ceremony, and the most perfect good manners. The habit of asking questions, and teasing people in that way, is the rudest custom imaginable:

no Gentleman ever indulges it. I said one day to them—
 “Pray, why is a Letter sealed? and why does a man not
 put his name to a book?” As they are most of them
 men of education, they understood me. But Jasper said
 rather briskly, “Leave them alone, Sir,” (for Jasper begins
 to feel his consequence,) “and I’ll answer for it, that Mr.
 Owen Junior’s Chambers in the Inner Temple will soon be
 known *par excellence* as *Le Bureau des Ouvrages d’Esprit*.”
 “Yes, my good friend; but, pray, how am I to live in the
 mean time?” “Live, Sir!—oh, I’ll tell you: the easiest
 thing in nature.” (Jasper by the bye, is the strangest fel-
 low for leaving things to *Nature* I ever saw). “Pray,
 how?” “Get another set of Chambers, Sir, and leave
 these to Ireland, Chalmers, the Muses and Jasper. Never
 blend these matters: the Thames water by our garden
 will never mix with Castalia. Sure, you havn’t got any
 nonsensical *Tunnel* under Mount Parnassus in your head?
 why zounds, you might as well think of conveying wit and
salt water from Brighton under ground together to Lambeth
 by act of Parliament?” “Don’t be severe, Jasper; learn to
 respect the Gazette, the Church and the House. I want
 to see no *Sergeant at Mace* under my roof but my old friend
Leaden George.” But my Clerk began to be more violent;
 he talked of raptures *firing* and visions *blessing* him, and
 cried out, “I feel, I feel”——“That you’re a d—mned
 fool, Jasper: but, as my uncle has left me a few hundreds,
 I will take another set, and leave Paper-buildings to you
 and Daines Barrington; and let me tell you, I wish you or
 any *Student* there may put your learning, ingenuity, and
 researches to half as good a purpose for yourself and your
 country as that excellent and respectable man has done all
 his life.” My Clerk shook his head.

I have told you *all* this, Mr. Editor, because I promised to conceal nothing from you: but, as the relation of a man's private domestic affairs is, of all things, the most tedious, insufferable, and uninteresting to other people, you will seldom hear any more of me, but as I am connected with Jasper, who now studies night and day. But he says he has made one resolution, which is, to read no languages but Latin, French, and English, which he thinks it a shame for any Gentleman not to know, if he has opportunity. To be sure at present Jasper's Latin is not very deep, nor is his reading too methodical. He is a Divine, a Physician, a Lexicographer, and all things by turns, as his whim directs.

The other day (you may imagine my surprise) he came to me, and said, "Well, Sir, I've found out the reason why Chalmers wrote his Supplemental Apology for Shakespeare in octavo. But without knowing Latin I should have known nothing of the matter. Look here, Sir, what a singular coincidence!—George C. is a scholar in *his* way." To my astonishment, what book should he produce but Mr. Daubeny's Appendix to his Guide to the Church in two volumes." "Merciful Heaven," said I—"a Guide to the Church! What can that have to do with Chalmers and Shakespeare?"—"Every thing, Sir, now-a-days has to do with Shakespeare: the difficulty is, to find out what has not to do with him." "But, Jasper, you're tedious." "Oh, Sir, said he, my business is only with the Preface; I have not read a line of the work; it's out of my way: I leave that to Mr. Wilberforce and Hannah. Only look at these Latin words: George Chalmers must have read them (Good Heaven, how useful Latin is!) either here or in Erasmus himself; OCTAVUM

OCCUPEN

“OCCUPENT APOLOGIÆ!” “Well, Jasper; what then?”
 “Why, don’t you see, Sir, it is the decided opinion of Erasmus, according to the best translation of him, that “*All APOLOGIES should be written IN OCTAVO!*” “That’s rather a moot point,” I said in my law jargon: “but let me see: perhaps Chalmers’s knowledge of Latin and yours is pretty much alike.” I took the book and read the context, and then burst out laughing: “You silly jackanapes, if the Emigrant Abbé who teaches you French performs his part as well as the Scotch Professor who *grounds* you in Latin, you’ll make a hopeful progress in the tongues. But you are a wit, Jasper, certainly you are a wit. Don’t you see Erasmus complains that the *eighth volume* of the collection of his Works must consist of Apologies, and concludes, like George Chalmers, “What a *wretch* am I!” or *Me Miserum!* Now the difference, among a few other points, between Erasmus of Rotterdam and George of Bœotia is this, that every thick volume which George writes will at least require eight volumes of Apologies as thick; and of this George must be sensible by this time. So much for *your Latin*, Jasper. Don’t expose yourself, like George, to the Critics and the Public.

“But, come; give me the Epigrams you have copied: perhaps they may make some amends for your Law Latin. You do write an excellent hand; that must be allowed; and it is very useful when a Writer can keep the Editor, the Printer, and the Compositor all in good humour; he need not then give himself much trouble about *the Devil* and G.C.” Jasper, who was a little confounded at his mistake, put the Epigrams in my hand, and for the first time since I have known him, was a little out of countenance. “Cheer up, Jasper,” I said, “your betters in the King’s Bench,

and other places, make mistakes of this kind every day, when they will quote Latin, and appear learned. To be sure you do write a fine round text. Look at it, Mr. Editor.

I am your's truly,

OWEN, Junior.

EPIGRAMS (*continued*)

ON THE HEAVY SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY,

"Plumbo Commissa Manebunt."

EPIGRAM VII.

A Libitinal EPIGRAM.

(Signed in the original M. S. T. JARVIS, Patent Coffin Maker, opposite the King on the Black Horse, Charing Cross: JASP. H.)

When DYER gave the world his FLEECE,
He soon grew wond'rous fullen;
For every Wit pronounc'd, his Muse
Would buried be in woollen.

Oh,

Oh, had poor DYER yet surviv'd,
 CHALMERS had made him proud,
 And o'er the Bard and Sheep had thrown
 His *Supplemental* shrowd.

Lin'd with his book's metallic leaves,
 What could disturb the dead?
 Secure, when all without was Wool,
 And all within was *Lead*.

EPIGRAM VIII.

A *Ceremonious* EPIGRAM.

(The original M. S. is signed in a very gentlemanly handwriting, STEPHEN COTTRELL, Kt. Master of the Ceremonies, &c. &c. JASP. H.)

"Laws *without manners** are but vain,"
 The Swan of Tiber sung;
 And from Venusium to Blackheath
 The polish'd echo rung.

"Laws, *manners*, graces, what are they,
 "Or all that HORACE saith?"
 Cries GEORGE; since *Ireland* boasts, I stand
Defender of the Faith!

* *Manners*, in the plural, signifies *studied civility*.—Johnson's Dictionary. But Mr. CHALMERS always uses it in the singular throughout the whole *Supplemental Apology*. JASP. H.

EPIGRAM IX.

A *Virtuous* EPIGRAM.

Recommended to every Bachelor in the Kingdom; occasioned by reading the following affectionate Aphorism by GEORGE CHALMERS, A. S. S, in two parts, the second of which is beautifully ambiguous, viz. "*Men usually make love to women; and (Ambigitur) woo them to wed.*"

Supplemental Apology, page 96.

(N.B. The M.S. in the original is signed GEORGE COLMAN *the Younger*. JASP. H.)

GEORGE to the critic camp repairs,
And turns poetic futtler,
Then *reasons* on the bills he brings
From Gilbert, Locke and Butler.

Queen BESS he calls a buxom maid,
Next *proves* it by a sonnet,
That SHAKESPEARE threw the handkerchief,
And she look'd sweetly on it.

But

But since "to women men make love,
" And woo them (*fort*) to wed ;"
BESS would have chang'd WILL's mulb'rry rod
For GEORGE's *Mace of Lead*.

† Grammar, sense, and the harmony of the verse require the insertion of this *causal* or *conjugal* article.

JASP. H. from the Grammatical Canons of
GEORGE CHALMERS.

(A TRUE COPY. From the Originals preserved in Mr.
OWEN, JUNIOR's, Chambers in the Inner Temple.

(L.S.)

JASPER HARGRAVE,
Clerk to Mr. OWEN, JUNIOR.)

No. V.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

THE MORNING CHRONICLE

Inner Temple, Sept. 26.

IN compliance with the request of my Clerk, Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE, I have taken a new set of Chambers for myself, and left him in full possession of Paper Buildings. My Chambers are dull enough, but Jasper's are indeed very pleasant, and command a fine view of the Surry Hills, the bridges, boats, and the volunteers in our garden, and in short of every thing which gives the idea of pleasure, plenty, and security in a country. They are now sacred to Ireland, Chalmers, the Muses, and Jasper. I called there this morning, and rather alarmed him: "I hope, Sir," said Jasper, "there is no Writ of Ejectment: Poets and their Clerks must have a fixed habitation, the higher the better, or they can do nothing. Sure they don't envy us the Temple. It is time enough to think about Elysium, where Virgil tells us that Poets and other great

great men have no houses over their heads, but are always lounging from one meadow to another, or lolling over a bank or a river, and never mention a word about pen and ink." "I suppose, Jasper, you'll shew me the case in Dryden's Mantuan Reports, *temp. August. Imp. A. U. C. 734, Sextil. V. Sagitt. Occident. N. P.* But, pooh, man, you are safe: the Benchers have signed the Lease of the Chambers, and Daines Barrington, who was present at the sealing, with his usual pleasantries and happiness of allusion to the old Kalendar, added significantly; Pray tell my friend Jasper from me, (as I hear he reads Latin), *LYRA crass non occidet, ex edicto Julii.* So here you shall be fixed as long as you like it, and continue to do your business with assiduity and attention." Jasper bowed with complacency.

"But, pray what are you reading?" I looked, and saw he had got the fourth book of *The Dunciad* open before him, which, though it spoils the integrity and plan of the Poem, certainly contains some of the neatest points and very best poetry. Jasper, who had not quite recovered his confusion from the Latin blunder I told you of in my last Letter, said; "You see, a Lawyer's Clerk may have now and then some sense of propriety; so I have got an English book on my table; and, depend upon it, I shall study Latin a little more before I quote it again, or I shall be as ridiculous as *Leaden George* himself, and make as many *blunders* as he has done, and then have nothing to do but to make Apologies for them. By the bye, you know George's definition of a *Blunderbuss*, don't you? It is conceived with infinite wit and great *vivacité de pefanteur*, as my French

Abbé

Abbe says." "No; I don't know it." "Then I'll tell you, Sir; 'I call any writer a *Blunderbuss*,' says Leaden George, 'who scribbles *blunderingly**.' Who shall say that George is drowsy or heavy? To be sure George generally misses fire with his *Blunderbuss*; but then he knocks you down in the politest manner imaginable with the butt end of it." "Very well, Jasper, you improve: but from the united labours of a French Emigrant and a Scotch Professor, much literary advantage may be expected *in time*; only wait."

"Yes, Sir," said Jasper: "but I study Latin very hard at night; and in a week or two I am to read Horace, and try my hand at a *translation*." "Indeed?" "Even so, Sir; and Professor Mac Taggart, of Aberdeen, my tutor in the *Humainities*, flatters me I shall succeed as well as some others have done lately, and thinks I may be put *in the Commission*." "Commission, for what, Jasper?—What can Professor Mac Taggart mean?—*not for preserving the peace* at Horace's Farm, I'm sure, where it is all confusion at present, and the Sabine folks thereabouts swear that his swans are turned into geese, gabbling and cackling in such a manner that you can't tell one note from another. They add also, that, if Horace were alive again, and were to put on his boots and *ride on horseback* round his grounds and premises, he would not find a single thing as he left it, but *translated* from one place to another in such a way that it would be impossible for him to know what was his own. But they say it was all the fault of *Augustus and his Minister*, who drew up the Lease in favour of Horace in such binding terms, that it never could

* Supplemental Apology, page 601.

could be made over to any other person whatever." Jasper looked a little blank. "Courage, my friend: I mean no reflexion on your ability," I replied. "But only, don't be in such a hurry to gallop over Horace's grounds. It's true enough, '*Optat ephippia Bos*;' ask Professor Mac Taggart the meaning of those words, as soon as you come to the satires; leave them for the present. You do copy most admirably; but you have not yet done enough for me to afford you the Falernian; and let me add, it is much easier to manage the *cooperage* at Somerset House, than to draw off the true vintage from the old Sabine casks. In a month or two you shall try your hand at an ode; but never expect to hold of MECENAS *in capite* in this country: take my word for it. At present copy on; can't you be contented with being *useful*?" "There is some truth in that, (said Jasper) I thank you."

We chatted a little on poetry in general, and the subject of the French Abbe's lessons; I said, "Some of the Emigrants have published very pretty editions of their classics, Racine, La Fontaine, and so on; and upon my word I think that is *all the good they do here*; but that is not your business now; all I have to say, LET US MIND OUR FRENCH. Hey, Jasper?" "Time enough, Sir, for politics, we shall come to them in good time: but now to the Epigrams. I really admire an Epigram as much as you do; but why nothing else? *Jovis omnia plena*: look at the chest: here is an admirable choice; why should you confine me? Here is laurel, and myrtle, with a rose tree now and then, and jessamine; leaves, blossoms, flowers, all from Apollo's own garden, true sprigs and slips that will grow, (said Jasper.) What signifies sitting always at the foot of the mountain, when so many flowers grow on the sides,

sides, and goodly trees on the top?" "You're quite in raptures, Jasper, I believe I must give you a *declaration to draw*, and take down your plethora a little. You speak too slightly of an Epigram. To what purpose have you been reading the fourth book of the Dunciad, which is open at the very lines I could have wished." "Where, Sir?" "Alter only a word or two, and we have these—

"We've reach'd the work; the all that mortal can;
South had beheld *that master-piece of man*."

—"Why, Sir, this may be true, and Dr. South is good authority, and they say it is the *ne plus ultra* of a Westminster man, at least the young fellows, who frequent my chambers, tell me so. But, Sir, I've another objection," says Jasper. "What is that, my friend?" "I grant, Mr. Owen, that the great authors of these epigrammatic sallies have enlivened the public at GEORGE'S expence. It must, indeed, be extremely pleasant to be the cause of wit in other men. But be a little cautious, Sir, GEORGE C. may 'make a Star Chamber matter of it*.' I know he has been reading deeply of late about 'Robert Shallow, Esq. Justice of Peace, and *Cōram*,' F. R. S. and A. double S. He has been known to declare with Slender, that 'all his successors, gone before him, have done so; and his ancestors that come after, may.'

"George, you know, has a gift for *Chronology*. He can tell the day *when* Shakespeare *first* made love to Queen Elizabeth, and where the assignation was made;—he knows the day *when* Heninge the Actor altered a clause in his will in favour of one of his first cousins, when he had originally intended

*Merry Wives of Windsor. Act I.

intended it for an aunt, who, as it appears from a M.S. in possession of Mr. Malone, had offended him;—he knows *when* old Dennis took a dose of physic, in consequence of a satire of Mr. Pope;—he knows the day *when* Lord Liverpool *first* came into notice on the shoulders of Lord Chatham, not of Lord Bute, and can tell you *when* the Scotch interest began to decline in this Country (which is said to be his *master-piece*). But George is desperately fond of all the *Predicaments*, *when*, *where*, *how*, &c. &c. and once took a few lessons from old Lord Monboddo, who soon turned him off in a passion, as he did not understand a word of Greek. But what I think his best discovery is this—he knows the year, the month, and the very day of the month, *when* ‘Greene (actually) sold his *Groat’s-worth of Wit*,’ though he did not live to publish it *himself*; and that “Henry Chettle *performed that service* for the *real†* Author.” George distinguishes nicely between Publishers, Authors, and Booksellers; Mr. Bayes’s dance of the Sun and Moon in Eclipse, in the *Rehearsal*, is the very picture of George’s *judgment*.” “But what do you think of his *wit*, friend Jasper?” “Think?—why I think that if George had only the twentieth part of Green’s *wit*, who, it seems, had but a groat’s-worth upon the whole, he never would have published that d—mn’d stupid *Apology*.” “But, Jasper, you forget: he never *sold* it, like Greene.” “No, no, my friend;—*sold* it?—That’s another story. *Sold* it, indeed?—No: Egerton’s a cunning little Isaac; shrewd, shrewd. No, no, I say: he’s not such a fool as to *buy* George’s wit—it is enough to publish it; though George does *wear brown hair* like Mrs. Anne Page, and ‘sometimes speaks *small* like a woman;’ which is the true reading

† Supplemental Apology, page 272.

ing of the passage from the folio of 1623."—"That may be, Jasper: but, to your business."

He replied, "Yes, Sir, but pray consent to my deferring the Epigrams for a week or two at least. Do look here. The chest is so full, that if I were to copy with all the diligence of Wallace and Troward's First Clerk, I should have enough to do for the whole winter. Let us have a little variety. Besides, Sir, the compositions are coming in every day; you must get me a *supplemental* chest, or I shall be all in confusion. Pray do, and I think I shall be able to arrange the papers, and supply Mr. Editor with a number or two every week, if he likes to have them." "I can't tell what to say to that last point, Jasper; but if you will continue to be diligent, I'll try what can be done." He then put a paper of verses into my hand which he thought you and I should approve. "What are they, Jasper? if there is no impropriety, and you will promise to copy them out in your very best round text, I will consent." "They are in point, and about the Shakespeare folks, Sir, quite in character, I like the verses myself." "That may be Jasper, I don't care much what they are about, if they are good."

But Mr. Editor, you may depend upon it, *Nunquam nisi dextro tempore*. . . . You will understand this, Sir, without the help of Jasper's Latin Tutor in the *Humainities*, Professor Mac Taggart of Aberdeen. In a few days, I believe, I shall send you my Clerk's choice, if I should approve it; I almost think we may trust him: but from some late events, I am not inclined to trust *any* man implicitly, and never more than is absolutely necessary.

Your's truly,

OWEN, Junior.

No.

No. VI.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Inner Temple, Oct. 4, 1799.

I acquainted you in my last, that I should probably present you with some Verses from the Chest, of JASPER's own choice, if I approved them, in consideration of his diligence and daily improvement. But, before he put them into my hand, Jasper came to me rather in a hurry; "Sir, I forgot to tell you that I have a long introduction in prose to the Poetry, and it is very learned indeed; but I thought it was too long to copy, and besides I could not. Will you believe it, Sir? There are some citations in Arabic, one or two in the Hindoo from the Asiatic Researches, and Greek without end. As for the Latin, I am not much afraid of it, and with Professor Mac Taggart nothing is to be despaired of."—"Is it meant as a new Arabian Night's Entertainment just translated, Jasper?" I replied. "Sir, I cannot tell; but as I think you have no skill yourself in Oriental matters, and never had an Antelope's skin round your neck, pray shall I send

D

it,

it to Dr. Joseph White at Oxford, or stop Professor Carlisle before he goes to the Seraglio at Constantinople? With the Hindoo, Persian, and Chinese I shall have little trouble, as Major Ouseley and the deeply learned and most ingenious Mr. Henley are at hand; and if a Manuscript were to be sent from the new *Alexandrian Library* just discovered in the polished city of Tombuctoo, the African Association would lend us *their* Dictionary. There is no difficulty now in decyphering any tongue. I will trust the Greek with you."

"You are very obliging, Jasper; you are pleasantly sarcastic, and seem to have as fine a notion of LUMPING, as if you had taken lessons from a certain great master in that art in the House of Commons. But what is it about?"—"It seems to be about *Parody*, Sir, which this Differtator, whenever I can understand him, declares to be something above burlesque or farce, and that it may be serious, satirical, or jocular. Then comes an Arabic citation, which not being understood, the Author, I suppose, imagined would have great weight with your honour."—"I am glad to see you read Swift, Master Jasper; but do proceed without these reasons of your's." "The writer, Sir, next refers to the *Margites* of Homer."—"I did not think he had been such a fool, Jasper: what signifies talking of non-entities, and making *proofs* out of them?"—"That, Sir, may be convenient sometimes," said Jasper significantly; mock Doctors always talk in this way, when they would convince a patient."—"But what is this about *Parody*, Jasper?"—"Why, Sir, you stop me: let me see; I left off about *Margites*: the writer then talks of raillery, and the sublime, the genius of wit, and the art of removing *Larvæ* from certain writers, and taking off their masque. Then follow some observations about the original meaning of an ænigma,

ænigma, and a *barbarism*, according to the ancients. Here is some Greek from Aristotle, Sir, I wish you would construe it to me. After a great deal of matter, too long to transcribe, or even to read at present, the Differtator suddenly turns to the composition of a celebrated Parodist of antiquity, one MATRON; I think the name, Sir, is *Matron*; pray, look at the M. S.”—“It is, Jasper: but do go on.”—“Why, Sir, he says, that Matron’s description of an Attic feast in the Homeric manner, is one of the happiest and earliest effusions of this kind *upon record*; it has much point and grace. The M.S. then cites the case in *Athenæus*, B. iv.; but that is in your Honour’s way, and quite out of mine; give me Phillips’s SPLENDID SHILLING.”—On the mention of Shillings in these hard times, Jasper contrived to fling in a hint about raising the wages of Lawyers Copying Clerks; and I was sorry that several of the eminent Solicitors I know were not present, that they might be induced to do as I have done. The Copying Clerks in Somerset-place and the Post-office, and indeed in all the public offices, might also be considered with great justice.

In conclusion, I said; “Well, Jasper, you have run over part of the contents of this M.S. in a shambling kind of way; but what is the signature to this packet of prose?”—“I think Sir,” said Jasper, “it is a pity that so much ingenuity should be lost to the world (though I have left out above two thirds even of the abridgment of it), but here are only initials, and those are blotted horribly; I cannot decide whether they are R. P—n, C. B—y, S. H—y, or St. W—n, for the life of me. The Verses are signed plainly, W. G—d, though, if they had not been so plain, I should have assigned them to the veteran *Arthur*.”—“But, give me the verses, Jasper; you are right: Dis-

sertations are too long for our friend Mr. Editor; but we may offer him the substance of them. If there is any fragment, why he may have that, as it is in the chest." "Provided there is no Greek in it, Sir."—"You are right again, Jasper: but, what are the Verses about?" Sir, they are a Parody on that celebrated patriotic composition called *HOSIER'S GHOST*, by Leonidas Glover. We all know the history of that brave but unfortunate Admiral; and the Parodist seems to think that the literary fate of poor *CAPELL*, the Editor of Shakespeare, resembles it in many points, when the imagination of a Poet is set at work in adapting it.

"The Ghost of *CAPELL* appears to congratulate Edmund Malone, Esq. on his victory over *IRELAND*, and *Leaden GEORGE*; but seems to think that though Shakespeare wanted no vindication, Capell does. Besides, Ghosts and Shades are all the fashion now."—"So they have been from the time of Homer, my friend Jasper, and always will be, when they are called up for a good purpose, to serve our country, and the cause of virtue, or to inflict righteous vengeance against public delinquents!"—"Very true, Mr. Owen; but in this parody here is fresh water instead of salt, though a man may be drowned as effectually in a river as in the South Sea."—"You are very profound in your remarks, Jasper. Well then, I will agree to substitute *Stratford* for *Porto Bello*, and *Avon* for *the Pacific*, though I cannot say it has deserved that name lately." I then read the Parody, and approved it much; on which Jasper said, "Will you have any Notes to it?" "No, no, Jasper, it will be understood plain enough by every sailor in that Fleet."

I am, yours truly,
OWEN, Junior.

CAPELL'S GHOST:
TO EDMUND MALONE.
A PARODY.

(The original M. S. is signed W. G. d. with this Motto -

"*In rebus, in diebus!*"

(BY HARGRAVE.)

As near honour'd STRATFORD lying,
Fast by Avon's swelling Flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
SHAKESPEARE's gallant Navy rode;
There while EDMUND fate all glorious
From false IRELAND's late defeat,
And the critic crews victorious
Drank success to every sheet:

On a sudden strangely sounding,
Dubious notes and yells were heard,
Grammar, sense, and points confounding,
A sad troop of Clerks appear'd;
All in spotted night-gowns shrowded,
Which in life for coats they wore,
And with looks by reading clouded,
Frown'd on the reviewing shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of CAPELL bold
His black bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their cases old.

O'er

O'er the glimmering stream he hied him,
 Where THE STEEVENS* rear'd her sail,
 With three hundred *Clerks* beside him,
 And in groans did EDMUND hail:

“ Heed, oh heed my fatal story,
 I am CAPELL's injur'd Ghost!
 You who now have purchas'd glory,
 Near the place where I was lost.
 Though in CHALMERS' *leaden* ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think of *my* undoing,
 You *must* mix your joy with tears.

Mark the forms by WILLIAM painted,
 Ghastly o'er the harrowing scene,
 Envy wan with colours tainted,
 And Detraction's skulking mien.
 Mark the passions foul and horrid,
 Low'ring o'er the blasted *Heath*;
 Hecate hides her Son's black forehead
 At the scoundrel tale beneath.

I, by Learning's train attended,
 Treasures hid *first* brought to light;
 And from none *my* stores defended,
 Who for 'Shakespeare' burn'd to fight,
 Oh, that from such friends' caresses
 I had turn'd me with disdain,
 Nor had felt the keen distresses,
 Stung by all that serpent train.

Rival

* The Admiral's Ship!

Rival Scholars I ne'er dreaded,
But in twenty years had done,
What thou EDMUND, little heeded,
Hast atchiev'd in two alone.
Then the shelves of Cadell never
Had my foul dishonour seen;
Nor Contempt the sad receiver
Of my SHAKSPEARE'S SCHOOL had been.

Warburton and Pope dismaying,
And their blunders bringing home,
Though condemn'd to Satire's slaying,
I had met a Tibbald's doom;
To have fallen, Sam Johnson crying,
He has played a Scholar's part;
Had been better far than dying,
Struck by cowards to the heart.

Unrepining at such glory,
Thy successful toil I hail;
Men will feel my cruel story,
And let CAPELL's wrongs prevail.
Doom'd in Slander's clime to languish,
Days and nights consum'd in vain,
Worn by treachery and anguish,
Not in open battle slain.

Hence with all my Clerks attending,
From their parchment tombs below,
Through their office-dust ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe;

Here

Here the Commentators viewing,
I recall *my* shameful doom,
And my primal notes renewing,
Wander through the letter'd gloom.

O'er MY SCHOOL for ever mourning,
Shall I roam deprived of rest,
If to Avon's banks returning,
You neglect my just request;
After your *dull* foe subduing,
When your Stratford friends you see,
Think on Vengeance for *my* ruin,
And for SHAKESPEARE sham'd in me!"

(A true Copy from the original M.S. preserved in Mr.
OWEN JUNIOR's Chambers, Paper Buildings
Temple:)

(L. S.)

JASPER HARGRAVE,

Clerk to Mr. Owen, Junior.)

No. VII.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR, *Inner Temple, Oct. 18. 1799.*

OUR correspondence has been a little interrupted by the absence of my friend Jasper, who is but just returned from Bath, where he went on some private business, or amusement. He asked my permission to go, and as he had been so diligent, and given me a proof of his taste, by selecting the Parody called "CAPELL'S GHOST, by W. G." I readily indulged him, though of all things Literature will the least admit of any interruption. The habit is gone or relaxed, and it is sometimes resumed
with

with difficulty, as every student knows. *Leaden* GEORGE, indeed never tried; he is perpetually "plodding and plodding his weary way," like the ploughman of the poet, though he never gets *home*; and in most of his researches, "*leaves the world to darkness*" in his *droning* flight, and *drowsy* tinklings over Shakspeare and all his commentators. I wish to heaven they were all laid in the Red Sea, with Buonaparte and his host. I know you love Similes, Mr. Editor.

Leaden George "artfully" endeavours (like Shakspeare against Spenser) to raise himself on a level with his opponents," Steevens and Malone; and if Shakspeare were alive, would fain persuade him,

"There lives more life in one of *his* fair eyes
Than both those Critics can in praise devise†.

Though upon my word, as a Commentator he is himself, what I leave to him and the British Critic to settle between them, a literary *Hermaphrodite*‡. Jasper, in great surprise, exclaimed, "What can that be, Sir? but I think I recollect; you allude to one of GEORGE'S proofs."—"Just so, Jasper, and right pleasant it is. You remember the great controversy about Shakspeare's Sonnets. We are told that there are exactly 154 of them numerically stated; 120 of which were addressed to a man, and the *remaining* 28 were addressed to a lady. Now by George's *calculation*, the two sums together make only 148, and as there are 154 actually existing Sonnets,

* Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, p. 40.

† Shakespeare, Sonnet 83.

‡ Supplemental Apology, p. 45.

Sonnets, he has *proved* ' by his little skill in arithmetic,' that *six* remain unaccounted for, and *therefore* this balance of six, being addressed neither to man, woman, nor boy, must necessarily be addressed to an *Hermaphrodite*: which was to be *proved*."—"How that will please Professor Mac Taggart, my tutor in the *Humainities*, when I tell him of this *proof* by his countryman!" said Jasper, in an extasy of arithmetical joy, which none but a Cocker or a Chalmers could feel. "I dare say this occasioned much amusement, Sir, among the Clerks of the Council Office."—"Who told you of that, Jasper? You are a wizard; it was actually the case. I know the man who had the very anecdote from Sir Stephen himself about this literary *Hermaphrodite*."—"Pray," said Jasper, "was there a sage Jury impannelled on the occasion, and an *inspection* prayed?"—"You are very arch, Jasper; Sir Stephen did not mention that; but it was seriously proposed to have a *lead*en cast of GEORGE CHALMERS set up in the Council Office in that character. Secretary Fawkenor and Chief Justice Reeves burst out in a fit of laughter, in a merry conceit how it was possible that any image compounded of *Mercury* and *Venus* could have any resemblance to their old friend George.

"Secretary Fawkenor, who is a most excellent Classic, ran over all the passages in Homer and Horace, about the grandson of Atlas, much to the entertainment of Lord Liverpool; but I was very much surprised that he left *Venus* to the illustration of the Lord Chief Justice of Newfoundland, for which I suppose he had his reasons. George who, like Shakspeare, 'kens small Latin, and

§ Hermaphrodite, i. e. Hermes and Aphrodite, or Venus.

and no Greek,' thought they were talking about the old statues of the *Hermathenæ*||, and had no objection to the compliment. You must know, that George conceives himself descended from Minerva and Vulcan by a sort of *left-handed* marriage, from which, as it has happened at *other* Courts, neither the Father, nor *the* Mother, nor the dear offspring, could ever be *introduced at the Court* of Apollo. So, like some other folks, they made a *Court and Theatre of their own*, and put a large *black Eagle* in front of it."

While George was indulging this deep meditation in English, Greek and Latin quotations from Fawkener and Reeves flew about the Council Office as thick as corn on a threshing floor, and puzzled "*the Defender of the Faith*," as Mr. Ireland always calls him.

" Mais GEORGE, comme le Pere au grand cordon,
Prend son Grimoire, evoquant le Demon,
Le pesant Diable, aux aîles du plomb,
Morphée en Angleterre, et son très cher Patron."

You may imagine there was an end of the dispute, for George, in other words, took out his Supplemental Apology; and read them ten or twelve lines in continuation, and so Lord Liverpool could get no more business done that day at the office. It was all "*quiet good sense*;" for Secretary Fawkener, Lord Chief Justice Reeves, and all the Clerks felt the *vapeur soporifique du Cordelier Pere Grisbourdon, et son livre de cabale*.

It is said that Mr. Pitt intends to move that his friend George, or le Pere Roc Grisbourdon, should be present when Sheridan and Tierney begin to discuss a late expedition

|| *Hermathenæ*. or Mercury and Minerva.

tion after the adjournment; and when the Minister himself has sufficiently parodied Homer's account of "*the Ships of the Bæotians*." THE LEADEN MACE will descend with great effect, and save the Speaker infinite trouble. No necessity for calling to *order*, when *Grisbourdon's* spirit is extended over *all* the Members. Nothing but chromatic semitones, Dutch, French, or English, all equally intelligible, in one drowsy yawn. When I was telling this to JASPER, the dog, who has always something to the point as far as he has read, said, "Yes, Mr. Owen, George will be of infinite use to Pitt on that occasion, and 'make one mighty Dunciad' of the three Estates.

"Who keeps awake?
 The Parliament will gape, but cannot speak;
 Lost is the Nation's sense, nor can be found,
 While *his* long solemn unison goes round:
 Wide and more wide it spreads o'er all the realm;
 See PALINURUS nodding at the helm;
 See Vapours mild o'er each Committee creep,
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office sleep;
 While chiefless armies doze out the campaign,
 And Navies yawn for orders on the Main."

"Never, never, Jasper;" I replied in haste:—"that will not, cannot be! But I know your patriotic heart spoke this only to be contradicted." "*Audi alteram partem*, is a good maxim," said Jasper, "as Professor Mac Taggart allows: let me hear what you have to offer." "True Jasper, you love a little *Cart and Tierce*; but our friend Brinsley could tell you that 'one thrust in *Tierce* may be fatal, even from a base Beef-eater.' No, no, Jasper:—the Nation's sense is not lost; it is declared and active;
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it's voice is indeed in solemn *unison*, and heard loudly and distinctly in every town and city, in every port, in every village, in every ship and in every vessel from the Thunderer to the fishing-smack. It has declared, England will never submit to France, nor her instruments; she will be free while the hearts, and hands, and purses of her Soldiers, Sailors, Statesmen, and Volunteers can keep her so. What Jasper? can the British Navy ever faint or sleep, when St. Vincent, Duncan, Nelson, and Mitchell direct her prow, and deal out her thunderbolts over the Deep? When there is scarce a promontory, or a cape, or a harbour in the globe, but has felt the force of her arms defensive, victorious, or coercive? Is not every hostile Fleet captured, disabled, or blockaded? When the Nations seek for our protection, and court our alliance; when they acknowledge that all which is left of true vigour, spirit, justice, and wisdom is connected with Great Britain, her councils, and her arms? Call you this '*the yawning of our Navies for orders*?' These glories are independent of our divisions about Ministerial personalities; these are national. What, Jasper!—When we look around us, and see the gallant ROYAL BROTHERHOOD, not wasting their prime in sloth, but alert and in energy for their Country? When you read the names of York, Abercromby, Grey, Harris, Dundas, Moore, and all our brave Commanders, will you call our *Armies Chiefless*? Learn to know the language and the power of Great Britain: you are no Jacobin, I hope? Look to Russia: look to Germany: are the *Treaties unfinished*? Look to either India; see Island added to Island, and Colony to Colony! Behold the Tyrant of Mysore prostrate, and his death made the seal of Conquest and of Peace! Is not the Capital of the East our own? Is not the whole Fleet of Belgium in our own
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ports?" "Yes, Sir; but not our own Armies in their own Country*," cried Jasper. "Hold, hold," I answered: "we have deserved success, my friend: more gallantry, courage, conduct, or prowess were never displayed than by the Army of Great Britain and her Allies. I waive the private principle of foreign Cabinets; but I feel that OUR COUNTRY *has no cause for dejection in her brave but unfortunate exertions* to obtain Liberty and Property for the miserable and the oppressed. Our Commanders, Sailors, Soldiers, and Volunteers by sea and land have played, all and every of them, an English part; and the character and the dignity of OUR COUNTRY are exalted yet higher by the very obstacles which have been opposed." "Pray, stop, Sir," said Jasper:—"I own I was wrong: I will talk no more of *nodding*, till leaden George comes across me again.

"As I was looking in the chest early this morning I found a kind of Ode, or something like one, just sent to Paper Buildings during my absence at Bath, and the unexpected turn which our conversation, or rather *your rapture*, Mr. Owen, has taken, puts me in mind of it. The Author has not sent a very correct copy, but, if I can make it out, I will put it in my fair round text which you admire so much. It is not foreign to our labours; *lead* and bullets are quite in our way." "Jasper, you are a Wag. Well, I'll call to-morrow and look at it; if I like it, you shall copy it. But, remember you made the last choice; it is my turn now. I must step over to the King's Bench Walks, for I have a Client waiting. I hope you do not want to make any more journies; for I cannot spare you."

At this we parted, though Jasper wished me to give him a furlough from Parnassus for another week or two.

What!

October 13, 1799.

“What!—a Soldier from his post? For shame, Jasper: at a time like this it cannot be. Can’t you be contented? You have the best of the business; all the Wits come to you, and you go to none of them, and wait for none of them:

But we, in Chambers dull,
Lawyers, like Sentries, are condemn’d to sit
From seven to ten, and waste our brief-less hours,
Curfing the Attorneys.”

I am yours, most truly,

OWEN, Junior.

No.

No. VIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Inner Temple, Oct. 29. 1799.

I Was not able to keep my promise with Jasper till this morning, when I called upon him and found him with some French Verses which his Preceptor, the Abbé, had put into his hands. "What, can you read French verse, Jasper; or are you so affected as to think there is no *Poetry* in that language? If you are, take care you don't prove your absolute ignorance of it; and like many *classical scholars*, by reading the verses aloud, shew that you do not understand even the common *cæsure*, and laws of the metre."—"No, faith," said Jasper, "I never pretend to knowledge where I am ignorant, nor affect contempt where I am deficient in taste. I am as yet only looking at a lesson against the Abbé calls, as I would study an Ode of Horace to profit from the lectures of Professor Mac Taggart, when we read it together." "I wish every body would be as honest, my diligent friend; Ull talk with you hereafter on that subject; at present I

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wish to know what you are reading."—"Only a Recueil, Sir, or Book of French extracts; I cannot say from what authors all of them are taken: you see it is a small thin duodecimo, light and easy; not like the ponderous, clumsy, ELEGANT EXTRACTS with which we are pestered here, and children are teased with at our Seminaries, like Manual Lexicons in thick quarto, too heavy to hold in the hand." "You are right, Jasper; the booksellers and their compilers are strangely stupid and unaccommodating in this *Extract-work*. They are not so considerate even as old GEORGE with his *Sugar of Lead*: they think all is cream which swims at the top of any mixture." "City-taste, Mr. Sterling."—"Why, Sir, that is rather an ungracious remark from you, who are employing me in the *Extract-line*, though to be sure there is some difference between a *feuille-volante* and a volume of a thousand pages, with double columns and in small print, *pour delasser l'esprit*.

"But I cannot tell how it is, I replied, the French will always excel us in that way; they never can be depressed. I am certain you could never link a literary French Abbé, except you were to tie George's Supplemental Apology on his breast, and send him to rhyme in the river, as the Duc de Montausier proposed to do with the Satirists. You might as well think of drowning a cork."

"I suppose," said Jasper, "you know that Leaden George is now in alt; for as his favourite and truly harmonious Satirist, Marston, most poetically sings,

"E'en GEORGE himself now revels with neat jumps:
A worthy Poet hath put on his pumps†."

"Where do you get these uncouth and pithy verses, Jasper?" "From George's lumber-house, to be sure, Sir;

† Supplemental Apology, Page 230.

Sir; it is all the *poetry* he knows." "'Faith then I hope George will continue to walk or dance in his new pumps. It should be only said, 'Forth from his office *walks* THE MAN OF LEAD;' for I hope he never rides on *horse-back*, as I am sure there is not a charger in his Majesty's Mews equal to his weight."

"But Jasper, what are these French lines?"—"Something, Sir, very flattering to the Londoners, in the expression at least; a kind of advice or exhortation to writers here, which I should think some of my correspondents, whose works are in the Chest, have read with effect. I do not pretend to pronounce them right as yet; I wish the Abbé were here to read them himself; but there is more in the compliment than the verse in this case." "Let me see them, Jasper. Well, I perceive the Abbé knows how to flatter and laugh in his sleeve at us, like all his tribe, and can "weigh Port and Partridge against empty praise." It is pleasant to see what fools these French Abbés make of us every day, even at our own tables."

"Travaille bien, cours en vers t'escrimer;
Je veux que LONDRES ait a jamais l'empire
Dans les deux arts, DE BIEN FAIRE ET BIEN DIRE."

"Bravo, Monsieur Abbé!" said Jasper, "you may have your laugh, and we will verify your words."

"You remember, Sir (if you have not quite forgot every thing in your rapture at the last visit you paid me), I told you that I could feel for my Country as well as you, and for every thing composed either in its honour or vindication, when necessary. There are few persons

who have read your eloquence on the late well-planned but unfortunate Expedition, without revering with gratitude the valour and conduct of every Commander, Soldier, Sailor, and Volunteer in it. The principle was good: to crush, if possible, the Tyrant and the Oppressor, and to restore Liberty and Property to the captive and plundered Hollanders. I could talk as if our Guardian Deity and Inspirer were present. The Meditation of Theocles in 'The Moralists' would not be more interesting. To be sure, Mr. Owen, a Lawyer in the Temple has in general no prospects, brooks, or groves, no precipices or cataracts to inspire him: if you except Fig tree Court, and the King's Bench Lawn, and the *many-twinkling* feet of Laundresses and Attornies, he has nothing before him but the '*bottomless Pitt*,' which, however, is one source of the Sublime, as Arbuthnot and Burke have *proved*. But if you are fond of Poetry, when the subject is your own Country, here is a kind of FUNERAL ODE, which I mentioned to you; and I know your studies and taste too well to think you will reject it. I shewed it yesterday to a young Barrister of great promise and various talents, who is well versed in the ancient Lyrics, and still reads Pindar, Horace, and Gray, though he has left Christ Church. As he was perusing it, a man of eminence, as a Painter and a Musician, came in, and they both read it aloud with spirit and feeling. I know you would have been pleased, Mr. Owen, if you had been present. They both agreed that it was peculiarly adapted for Music; and the gentleman of the long robe wished that those great harmonists BOYCE and COOKE were alive. I would have put it, said he, into either of their hands. If you think so, said the painter, I know a young, but profound

found composer in the art, on whom the mantle of those great masters seems to have fallen and rested. The young Barrister took up the word with eagerness, and cried out, you mean CALCOTT. I do, said the painter; and if you should persuade Mr. Owen to permit you to select this Ode from your chest for publication, I wish it may attract the notice of that learned and distinguished young man, who does so much honour to his profession." "You talk this well, Jasper, said I, but to the proof: the subject is at my heart, I wish the words may answer to my feelings."—"Sir, said Jasper, here is a Greek motto, of which I know nothing; the writer says, it is from one of the Olympics of Pindar: I wish you would construe it to me." "I will, if I can, Jasper; but you may be sure I shall not print Greek in a newspaper." I then took the Ode, and you may imagine my opinion, as I consented to submit it to your taste and judgment. "But pray, said Jasper, what is the meaning of the Greek? Don't go without telling me."—"It is, I replied, as follows briefly, but inadequately; 'Toil, Labour, and Expence always go hand in hand, and fight together with Virtue and Valour, in every enterprize of moment and danger.'—"It is to the point, said Jasper; success is not the measure of what is right and just: the motto, however, may as well be left out. But now for the lyric Muse. *Favete linguis*, is the old exordium, and it is still in force.

I am your's truly,

OWEN, JUNIOR.

THE DIRGE OF BELGIUM.

OCTOBER, 1799.

AN ODE.

HEARD you the strain from yonder Sky
On Albion burst in choral Majesty?
See his throne great Ocean leave;
The Deities, who round him wait,
Attendant on his State;
The firm Earth shakes; the Billows heave;
And from the deep Tritonian Shell
Slow solemn-breathing Notes o'er Belgium pause and swell!

From

From thy awful rock serene,
Holy FREEDOM, hear and bend;
Thine the heroes, thine the scene,
Thine the cause; great Pow'r, descend:
On raven plumes, involving all,
Brooding Death unfolds the pall!

'Tis not Superstition's groan,
Frantic yell, or sullen moan,
Philip's gloom and Alva's frown,
Call thy righteous vengeance down;
Godless monsters stalk around:
Hear, and guard this fated ground.

Lo, beyond the Eastern gate,
Britain bold confirms thy state;
By Aurora's earliest beam,
By the proud and mystic stream,
O'er the prostrate Tyrant's sway
India hails thy opening day.

See, arous'd in Virtue's cause,
Sacred Rights and equal Laws,
Armed Nations raise the prayer;
Bid the avenging Eagle bear
Thy thunders from the realms of Paul:
Rise, and crush the monster Gaul!

By Andraсте's radiant throne;
By the sphere and wizard stone;
By old Mador's Druid lyre,
Struck with more than Grecian fire;
Thy words of potency infuse,
Breathing o'er the Patriot Muse.

Ling'ring on the Belgian shore,
Hallow'd tears see Albion pour
O'er the grave where warriors sleep,
Victors of the subject deep;
There Honour, Virtue, Justice mourn,
Clasping sad their rostral urn.
Holy Goddess, hear and spare;
Give thy chosen Heroes rest:
Though steep'd in crimson streams of war,
Soon be the sword in olive drest.
Valour triumphs :—yet they die!
Lift the recording tablet high,
And hail the champion sons of Truth and Liberty.

No. IX.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE,

SIR, *Inner Temple, Nov. 9, 1799.*

MY friend and clerk Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE gave me yesterday the Letter which I enclose; and he informed me it was sent to Paper Buildings the day before. As it appears to me of a very strong and serious cast, and founded on just conceptions of the subject, I shall not delay it; and if I am not greatly mistaken, it will correspond to your feelings, Mr. Editor, and to those of every Gentleman in this generous and enlightened Kingdom.

I am yours most truly,

OWEN, Junior.

A

A LETTER

TO

GEORGE CHALMERS, Esq. F.R.S.S.A. AUTHOR OF AN
APOLOGY FOR THE BELIEVERS IN THE SHAKES-
PEARE PAPERS.

ON THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLE OF THE POSTSCRIPT
TO THAT APOLOGY.

SIR,

Wimpole-street, October 30, 1799.

I HAVE read what you have published about the pretended Shakespeare Papers, not without receiving some little information on the subject. It is immaterial to me whether you write in a lively or a heavy manner; on this head indeed you have heard much, and it appears as if you would hear a great deal more. I have perused what has been given to the Public in Prose and Verse; and I conceive that you will be delivered down to posterity like the Dennis of Pope, or the Cotin of Boileau. You seem to be one of those "Book-wights" (described by a lively modern Writer*) who have mistaken the drudgery of their eyes for parts and abilities, and have supposed it bestowed wit, while it only swelled their arrogance and unchained their ill-nature. What you have said to Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone may be well enough in a few particulars, and you have pointed out some of their mistakes.

You

* Lord Orford.

You have told the world in your Dedication to Mr. Steevens, that You “are a good sort of man; have written able tracts upon Trade, an elaborate Book of Political Annals: have composed several Lives with knowledge and elegance; and in all YOUR writings YOU certainly give us something new, NEW FACTS AND NEW PRINCIPLES!”——A very modest eulogium from a man’s own pen! and, if so accurate a judge as Mr. Steevens admits ALL THIS, I should think his denial of your knowledge of Shakespeare can hardly be esteemed a drawback; and it is without justice that you have changed the learned Editor of Shakespeare into a Hampstead Apothecary. You tell us that you have no fear of Mr. Steevens’s *Cantharides*, and declare yourself fully equal to all your labours; though a high Officer of state, of your own Country, once candidly confessed his inability in the House of Commons in this general way.

But I shall wave the discussion of your ability and discoveries: what I object to is THE PRINCIPLE of your *Postscript*, to which I object indeed in a most solemn way. I write this as one who feel for every person who ranks in life as a Gentleman, and has endeavoured to cultivate his talents and communicate his opinions to the public. In your POSTSCRIPT, Sir, you attack a Gentleman *by name* in an outrageous and brutal manner, upon the *mere supposition* of his being the Author of an anonymous Poem. You have not proved an iota of your assertion in the fair estimation of any man acquainted with the nature of proof. You evidently write under the influence of passion and resentment at some reflexions cast upon *you* as an Author, and on *your* Book as a composition. You argue thus—

Because

Because a Gentleman enquires if a Book sells, and if it has a good character, and speaks handsomely of it himself, *he is the publisher of it*; and if the Publisher, then he is *probably* the Author; and then you run on about the doctrine of *probability*, and tell us from a variety of Authors that we must be guided by it in all cases. In a great many cases we certainly must, but not in *such* cases as those you think proper to decide dogmatically. You are like the old Monkish Writers, who, as it is said, could never see a sun-beam break into their cell without being ready to cry out "Fire!"

If this is your method of establishing *facts* upon argument and proof, *your credibility* as a Writer is shaken to its foundation; and the public will naturally be cautious how they put any confidence in your *political* researches and deductions. A ministry must be weak indeed to entrust any investigation to *your* reasoning powers; or who would not blush to consider you among the auxiliary bands of Government. You will be degraded from the rank of a man of information, and consigned to dreams and reveries with Crusoe and his man Friday, in the island of De Foe. It may also be presumed when your *Novels* are collected they will be preserved with Queen Elizabeth's Letters to Shakespeare, and Mrs. Robinson's Memoirs of the *Leaden-head* Family.

I appeal to any Gentleman in this kingdom whether a mere downright assertion on your part, added to what you are pleased to call probability raised upon some doubtful circumstances, is sufficient to authorize you to act offensively, as upon an affirmed and acknowledged proof, when you dare to stigmatize so shamefully a gentleman of some character
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in the world in the manner you have done, after having made yourself WITNESS AND JUDGE in the cause. Is it fitting, Sir? Is it decent, is it just, is it creditable to yourself to call openly upon this gentleman *by name* in the most direct and opprobrious language? To affix a work to him which neither he nor any other man ever acknowledged as his writing, and to brand him as a man *impertinent, nonsensical, malignant, ignorant, absolutely unable to write prose or verse or even to write at all*, and point him out as "*a Jacobin*," a name which, in the present acceptance of the term comprehends every thing which is an object of aversion and horror in a civilized nation? I never yet read a book written in *such* a spirit, and upon *such* a principle as this Postscript. You seem desirous and eager, if it were in your power, to deprive this gentleman of every particle of good character, and the comforts of existence; to alienate his friends and acquaintance from him, and to *hunt* him from society; and you thirst to complete his destruction with fierceness combined with impotence; and all this, *because* YOU, Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS, have a strong *suspicion* that he wrote "*The Pursuits of Literature*," put a *lead*en Mace in your hand, and termed *you* a ponderous writer, or something to that effect; and this you assert without one proof whatsoever, but from conjecture alone.

You stile yourself "an offenceless mastiff, reposing in the shade after a successful conflict †." I know nothing of you in this character; nor can I tell whether it is absolutely necessary for my Lord of Liverpool to keep any gaunt mastiff, such as you describe yourself, to growl

at

† Postscript to Mr. Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, page 496.

at the gate of the Council Office; or frighten beggars from the Board of Trade. It is plain you wish to avenge a personal offence against yourself, committed in eight or ten lines, and you therefore have given the public a ponderous Postscript of one hundred and fifty-nine pages in octavo. It is GEORGE CHALMERS, not our gracious and beloved Sovereign King GEORGE the Third, and the cause of constitutional liberty, which prompts your pen; it is not zeal for THAT GREAT HOUSE *which eats you up*, but private revenge, as an Author, which preys upon you. If your *lead*en Mace had been changed into *gold* by the Writer of the Pursuits of Literature, your studies on trade had been uninterrupted, and the mastiff would have slept on.

But Sir, if you could *prove* your point, which appears to be absolutely impossible after all the attempts which have been made by you and others, you are still to be reprobated for your manner. If you have asserted many things which have no foundation in truth whatever, as I believe, you are wholly without excuse. I care for nothing, however, but the PRINCIPLE of your Postscript; it is meant to strike at every public opinion which is given to the world without a name, and it would destroy every liberty and right of which we are yet in full possession. I think too highly of any man of literary eminence, or of any person in power, to conceive that any one of them could employ you to write this shameful and shocking Postscript, or any part of it. I believe it was done of your own mere motion; and from what you have writ-

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ten it must be evident to the Public, that you have neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor taste to distinguish true ones.

Unhappy man! to whom will you fly for defence or palliation of your gross offences? If you look to that Board to which you have the honour to belong, you will not find an admirer or a vindicator in the distinguished Nobleman who presides over it: he is too sagacious and conversant in good writing and argument to approve such a violation of decency, reasoning, and good manners. If you look round among your colleagues in office, you may read their opinion in the polite silence they maintain on the subject of your Book: most of them are men of erudition and shrewdness, and all of them respect the honour and character of a Gentleman. But, Sir, you will not pass without notice. The family of Sir Archy Mac Sarcastm will never be extinct. You will still have your little levees at the Council Office, and your puny flatterers from beyond the Atlantic; though suffering Loyalty will sometimes get the better of judgment. The minor glories of Caledonia also will diffuse a radiance round you on the mountains of mist. Think not, however, that you are of consequence, because you are noticed. *Coriat* was not without his sarcastic admirers; and your researches in old books have acquainted you, that no less than sixty sonnets of adulation were prefixed to his *Crudities*.

I care exactly as much who the author of the Pursuits of Literature is as I do who are the authors of *Junius*, and the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers. I should like to know them all, but I have never been convinced by any arguments or probable conjectures I have seen; and I think that your work has clouded the subject, and placed

it in much greater real obscurity than it was before: but that is only a natural consequence of your taking it up. Nay, such is the spirit of your work, that I protest if you were to present the Supplemental Apology and *Postscript* to any learned Society in this country, and the members of it should return you their thanks for the gift, I should conceive that such a Society would shortly after vote their thanks to Peter Pindar Esquire, if he should also think proper to insult them by a present of his valuable writings.

THE PRINCIPLE of your *Postscript*, I maintain in the face of the whole Kingdom, is pernicious to society; it is inadmissible by philosophers and scholars, injurious in private life, abhorred and rejected by all gentlemen, and unworthy of *this* country to bear, till it loses the spirit which it has always hitherto maintained. You are not an illiterate author; but you are not a bright writer, and you are a bad and inconclusive reasoner. You never invite or entice your readers by sprightliness of imagery or brilliancy of expression. Your grammatical assertions are ridiculous and contemptible, and without any authority but—your own. As a commentator, you may rank with the Dutch Minellius; as an antiquary, in dulness with Thomas Hearne; as a politician, in heaviness with Stockdale's Matter-of-Fact Compilers of State Papers; and as a Gentleman, with those who write *such* compositions as your *Postscript*. If you continue to write as you have lately done, and think to be noticed or respected by men of taste, candour, reasoning, humanity, or learning, you will be mistaken in your account. You will by no means deprive the world of the pleasure of discovering *for themselves* the authors of anonymous works, and depend upon it you will never have
the

the ability of taking from the public an amusement which, Dean Swift says, is not disagreeable either to them or to an Author, *that of being in the dark.*

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

ANTENOR.

(A TRUE COPY. From the Original M. S. preserved in Mr. OWEN, JUNIOR's, Chambers, Paper Buildings, Inner Temple.)

(L.S.)

JASPER HARGRAVE,

Clerk to Mr. OWEN, JUNIOR.}

No.

No. X.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

GENTLEMAN; *Inner-Temple, Nov. 18, 1799.*

IN my Letter (No. VIII.) I forgot to say that, on the envelope of the last Poetical Manuscript which Jasper copied for you, entitled "THE DIRGE OF BELGIUM, October, 1799; AN ODE," the initials of the Author's name who sent it, were so blotted that my Clerk could not possibly decypher them. "It is strange," said Jasper peevishly, "that, if a man now-a-days writes any thing worth reading, he will not give his name to the world. It was not so among the ancients, as Professor Mac Taggart, my Tutor in the *Humainities*, has shewn me again and again."

"I am of your opinion, Jasper: but, pray tell me if you have any Poetical Communications in English which you have selected from the Chest, as worth my inspection?" "Yes, Mr. Owen; there are several; and I have just copied the titles of some of them, if you wish."

wish to look at the List." "With much pleasure," Jasper: but I hope you have given a specimen of the Poetry." "No: I have not yet had time for that," said Jasper: but, if you like the titles, I will endeavour to decypher the hand-writings; for Poets write, if possible, worse than the Physicians, and when they intend *Æther* for their Patients, too often send a preparation of *Opium*. But here are the titles: you see, Sir, Leaden George has suggested many ideas and poems which relate but little to himself." I took the Paper in my hands, of which the following is a transcript.

A LIST OF SOME MANUSCRIPTS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

Transmitted by various Authors to Mr. OWEN, JUNIOR, at his Chambers in Paper Buildings, Inner Temple, and preserved under the care of Mr. JASPER HAR- GRAVE, Clerk to Mr. Owen.

A TRUE COPY. J. H.

MS. No. I.

THE SHADE OF DANIEL RACE, on the Banks of the Thames, late Principal Cashier of the Bank of England; occasioned chiefly, but not wholly, by the intended residence of ABRAHAM NEWLAND in the rural town of

F 2

Brentford

Brentford in the month of August 1799. A Financial Poem, with Notes, by a Committee of the Bank Directors; with an offer of THREE MILLIONS OF VERSES, to be composed in the praise of the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer; to be contracted for, and severally written and delivered by instalments at the Minister's Mansion in Downing-Street, by Mr. Pye, Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. Puddicombe, Mr. Southey, and all the best hands which the Directors can engage in London, Oxford, and Cambridge. The Verses, to the amount of full THREE MILLIONS aforesaid, to be faithfully numbered by Daniel Giles and Benjamin Winthrop, Esquires and Directors of the said Bank; and the syllables, ten in each line, to be accurately counted by Messrs. Holdsworth and Lavesick, Clerks of the Specie.

To the Poem will be added some *winged words* by the Reverend Critic Mr. John Horne Tooke, to be composed at his shop at Wimbledon, to point out the beauties of it to Mr. Secretary Wyndham: together with A POSTSCRIPT of solid and well-foddered materials in Prose, by George Chalmers, F.R.S. and A double S. and Knight of the Leaden Mace, to calm the Minister and the Cabinet after their poetical ecstasy. There is a long Note, signed RICHARD NEAVE and JOHN PUGET, to prove how much it will be for the advantage of the Nation, if Mr. PITT will accept of the said THREE MILLIONS OF VERSES, to be so contracted for and written, Avoirdupoise weight, in lieu of THREE MILLIONS of Pounds Sterling, on an approaching exigency, for a renewal of their Charter on the Mons Frumentarius and the territory of St. Bartholomew.

The

The Poem itself will be adorned with fine Engravings of various subjects; a BANCA ROTTA in perspective, but, like the Tower of Pisa, the line of direction still falls within the base; the Pediment of the East India House, a Statue of Lord Mornington, and of the Generals Harris and Baird, the Seamen's Lobby, Europe sitting on a Horse and Asia on a Camel: in the back-ground a view of the City Barge sailing up the Thames, and an alluring representation of ALDERMAN CURTIS dancing a Minuet at the Lord Mayor's Ball, and receiving the compliments of the Turkish Ambassador on the occasion. There will also be engraved a Vignette of the Embarkation and Return of the gallant troops from Holland, well-designed by an eminent Artist, but executed in *Acqua Tinta*. The whole composition will be in Chiaro Oscuro; with a Frontispiece designed by Thomas Raikes, Peter Thelluffon, and Beeston Long, Esquires and Directors; and an elegant Tail-piece in Bas Relief by W. Edwards Esquire, the Accountant General. The Motto to the Poem is this:

"Oh, for the warning voice of Him, who saw
The ruin CONTINENTAL MEASURES draw,
What time, by perjurable Styx he swore,
To waste on them nor Man nor Guinea more!"

PATRIOTISM, Canto III.

REMARKS on the Poem, BY MR. JASPER HARGRAVE.

A Bookfeller, in Dean Swift's time, said he knew to a tittle what books, poems, or plays would best go off in a dry year, and which it would be proper to expose if the weather-glass fell to much rain. I wish I knew such a

person to consult during the present influence of *Aquarius*, as these MSS. are left to my judgment. They are generally even without the initials of a name, but I should not scruple to hint my suspicions of the real Authors, if some of my master Mr. Owen's best clients should wish to be informed *very* privately, and *promise to tell nobody*. Any of the wits in vogue would serve the turn, as at present at the Theatre the *barren-brained* REYNOLDS is as good as Sheridan, though even Brinsley himself is but an imperfect Representative of the yet unequalled Congreve.—But whoever can make men laugh or stare, either at *Management*, or a South American Tragical Pantomime, answers the purpose. Yet it is not so with the Authors who have sent their works to the Chest under my care.

I cannot now enter fully into the merits of "THE SHADE OF DANIEL RACE;" but I like the manner of a Poem which consists of one entire speech, and the notes thrown at the bottom of the page. The treating the National Debt in a poetical way is too great a violation of probability, but the Apostrophe to GEORGE ROSE, Esq. who tells us in his late pamphlet that "*he has brought home with him good and certain hope*," (a) is very interesting; and the surprise the Poet expresses at George's knowing a word about Horace is quite electric, and would shake the Treasury Chambers. I shall not communicate that part in downright charity. There is a beautiful allusion in six or eight lines to the directorial art of turning down a Merchant's Bills offered for discount, and breathing on a man's credit in the city *pro tempore*; this I shall also suppress. But some extracts might be made for the advantage of the country; such

as

(a) The motto to Mr. Rose's excellent and satisfactory Pamphlet is this; "*Spem bonam certamque domum reporto!*" May it be verified!

THE BOOKSELLER.

as the animated lines describing the essential interest of a close Union of such a Corporation, as the Bank, with the Executive Government of the Country. I should also wish to extract the tale of Protogenes and Apelles, newly adapted, which Pliny has actually degraded into a trial between two *Dutch* performers; but this true *English* Poet has taken the story into his own hands, comprehended the whole force of painting, and flung drawing, colouring, and the doctrine of light and shade into THE NOBLE CONTENTION. It is a *political* improvement on Prior. I despair however of copying it accurately; for if I were to mistake or misplace any words it would be fatal to such a finished composition. I think there is something in it which reminds me of the drawing of the Roman School united with the colouring of the Venetian.

JASPER HARGRAVE,

Nov. 16, 1799.

M.S. No. II.

Dedicated respectfully, but without permission, to the
Gentlemen of New Lloyd's Coffee-house.

THE PURSUITS OF UNDER WRITERS! a Satirical Poem, with Notes by various *Writers*, signed John Julius Angerstein, Bogle French, J. M'Taggart, F. St. Barbe, Capel Cure, William Curtis, Thomas Rowcroft, Antonio Van Dam, J. B. Loufaida, J. T. Vaughan, William Bell, J. Stocqueler, old Miers, &c. &c. and a sublime

F 4 Apostrophe

Apostrophe to the Gentleman known by the name of THE DOCTOR in Lloyd's Coffee House. In the course of the Work are inserted poetical descriptions of Ships insured, with goods more valuable than *Virgil* (*b*) aboard, for the islands once fortunate, a Policy in heroic verse, and a dithyrambic defeant on Bottomry.

There is also an affecting Address to the Earl Spencer First Lord of the Admiralty, by SAMUEL DIXON, Common Councilman, on the propriety and usefulness of the Convoy Act; to which is subjoined a profound Dissertation on the Two per Cent Duty, in which it is proved incontestably that the British Merchants are *now* actually in a worse situation than they were, before they made an offer to Government of that very productive Tax, and praying the attention of Ministers on the subject.

In one of the Notes is given a free Paraphrase of Horace's Ode, "O Navis, referent in mare te *novi* Fluctus," by BILLY BOS of the Stock Exchange, from the West end of the Town, one stanza of which finely describes the Isle of Man Bonds, and the indispensable necessity of them; and in another the Poet makes a beautiful transition to LORD BRIDPORT on the great propriety and consequence of establishing *detached Squadrons of Frigates*, particularly for intercepting the succours to Brest, and of other vessels for the deliverance of the English coast from French Privateers. The Author is peculiarly animated on this subject, and in a fine phrenzy or rapture, declares that he sees THE DOLLARS lately carried into Plymouth; but like other Poets, despairs of touching the Spanish himself.

The

(b) Navis, quæ tibi creditum

Debes *Virgilium*! &c. Hor. L. 1. O. 3.

THE BOOKSELLER.

The whole concludes with an oblique view of the Bay of Naples and the *Egyptian Spouse*; a direct description of the port of Hamburgh, and the tears of the West India Merchants, fast trickling on the Quay, with Sugars, Cotton, Coffee, Drawbacks, and Warehouses, swimming before their eyes now, in the language of true poetry, *veiled with a momentary suffusion*.—The motto to the Poem is this:

“When a successful Minister is Chief Justice, Poets and Historians become a voluntary Jury.—What should we think of the reign of George the Third to be calculated two thousand years hence by Eclipses?”
HISTORIC DOUBTS.

REMARKS, by Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE.

The title of this Poem is so full and comprehensive, that I need observe little as to the general interest it would excite in this great Commercial Nation. If it were published and studied deeply in the City, I am persuaded the force of it is sufficient to turn all the West India Merchants, Bankers, and Underwriters into actually existing Poets. I do not think that a Broker would get a line written on a policy, from Angerstein or Bogle French, down to the youngest writer in the Coffee house, without introducing it with a “*Cum tot sustineas,*” or, “While you, GREAT SIR, the floating world sustain,
Our Trade insure, and open all the main.”

The whole poem is exquisite, and if it were published would furnish matter for Reviews and Magazines for a twelve month. It would require much time if I were to make proper extracts from this great and original work, in which the unrivalled Poet alternately takes into his own hands the trident of Neptune, the pen of the Underwriter, and the money shovel of the Banker. His transfigurations are bold, while the unity of the whole composition is preserved;

served; his figures are correct and impressive; his descriptions are chaste and accurate; and his Muse sometimes fails with a trade wind, and at others buffets with tempests in the Channel. The Poet is a kind of *Panoramist*, but he differs in this particular, that the nearer you approach his figures, the more they strike you.—*Ad Referendum.*

JASPER HARGRAVE.

MS. No. III.

The—

I was about to proceed, Mr. Editor, with Jasper's List, but it was so long that I was obliged to postpone it, though his remarks were pleasant, and the names and descriptions of the works interesting. As I think it will be pleasing to you if I send you shortly a continuation of the List, I leave off with less regret for the present. Jasper said to me, as I went out of the room, "I know it is Term time, and that is a *damn'd* drawback on poetry; but I hope you will find a leisure half hour." "Not so hasty, my friend: if you *swear* so much, I shall really take you for one of our buffoon players in disguise, who *now* can scarcely speak ten words at Covent Garden or Drury Lane without a "damn it" in their mouths. I wonder such excellent and pious men as the Managers do

do not put a stop to the custom; or if they do not, I hope the audience will do it for them."—"I stand corrected," said Jasper, "and will not enliven my speech in this way for the future." "I believe you," I replied, "and every sensible man, if he thought a moment, would make the same resolution." I then took my leave, and if you, Mr. Editor, approve Jasper's diligence half as much as I do, you will never repent of the attention you have given to the communications, which you have received through my hands.

I am your's, most truly,

OWEN, JUNIOR.

No.

No. XI. and No. XII.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Inner Temple, Nov. 29, 1799.

ON my return to Jasper this morning, he gave me the List of Poems and Fragments, whose titles he had copied, and of which I sent you a specimen in my last Letter. "Mr. Owen," he said, "I am so convinced of your taste, that I have actually copied out the whole of No. III. which I have shewn to Professor Mac Taggart, who was so much pleased, that he wrote a few illustrations on the Poem with his own hand; and I have also given some, wherever I thought they were required." "I hope you have not been prolix, Jasper: but I like to understand a Work fully, if I can." "Not very long, Sir; but you shall see." He then presented me with the following composition.

Original

Original MS. No. III.

THE EDITOR, THE BOOKSELLERS, AND THE
CRITIC.

AN ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

MR. IRELAND, the Editor of the Shakespeare Papers, MR. EGERTON*, and MR. BECKET, the one a Military, the other a Civil Bookseller, met at MR. STOCKDALE'S shop in Piccadilly on the day after the intelligence arrived of the new Revolution in the Government of France, under the Tri-consular Power in the persons of Ducos, Sieyes, and Buonaparte. MR. CHALMERS happened to be there at the time, with various Gentlemen who had been the subject of much public discussion and conversation. Mr. Stockdale, who always observes propriety in whatever he does or proposes to do, was suddenly seized with a desire that an Arcadian† Convesazione should take place between Mr. Ireland, Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Becket; and, having previously whispered his intention to them, moved that a select party should retire for the purpose into his parlour. The ingenious Editor and the amiable Booksellers consented on this condition, that Mr. Chalmers should take the Chair as President. Mr. Chalmers, with his usual courtesy, candour, and politeness smiled, and seated himself. THE LEADEN MACE being placed on the Table, he nodded to Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Egerton first addressed Mr. Ireland.

The Illustrations

By J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the Humanities,
from Aberdeen,
and

Mr. JASPER HARGRAVE, Clerk to Mr. Owen, Junior.

THE

* Of the Military Library, Whitehall, and one of the St. Martin's Volunteer Corps.

† The reader will find by the result how much Mr. Stockdale was mistaken in his Arcadian ideas.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

THE SPEAKERS IN THE ECLOGUE.

Mr. IRELAND, *the Editor of the Shakespeare Papers.*

Mr. EGERTON, *a Military Bookseller.*

Mr. BECKET, *a Civil Bookseller.*

Mr. CHALMERS, *a Critic and President.*

The SCENE; *Mr. Stockdale's Parlour, in Piccadilly:*

THE TIME; *Monday Nov. 18. 1799.*

MR. EGERTON.

O THOU, by Nature form'd, or happier Art,
To trace the windings of Man's easy heart,
And prove, tho' oft unwelcome beams intrude,
All love delusion, or themselves delude;
Begin, my IRELAND, for 'tis thine to cope
With proud MALONE, and more presumptuous POPE. (a)
See JERNY'S (b) "younglings are but just awake,"
And Cuddy PYE the Tritons (c) teaze and shake;

See

(a) It will soon be discovered who has assumed this title.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(b) It is not easy to determine to which of Mr. Jer-
ningham's "younglings" Mr. Egerton alludes; but it is
really astonishing that such a Writer, whose characteris-
tics are *feebleness and inanity*, should think himself qua-
lified to make the greatest Orator of France, BOSSUET,
Speak English.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(c) See Mr. Laureat Pye's Naval Poem, entitled NAU-
CRATIA, in which the *Salt Water* has had no effect
on his Poetical Constitution, which sadly wants a little
bracing.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

See there the tender, simple-minded Swain,
 BOSCAWEN ambling (*d*) on the Sabine plain;
 FITZGERALD, SOTHEY, Poets of the Nile,
 Provoke the sneer, and make e'en NELSON smile;
 Yet what are all their feats, their classic claim,
 Their jinglings, jugglings—to thy sovran (*e*) fame,
 Where Thames' and Avon's kindred waters meet,
 A mingled Current, fast by Norfolk-street?
 What time in saffron sock PARR (*f*) blest'd the day,
 And WARTON chanted soft the spousal lay;
 The Owl of Somerset, the Soland Goose,
 And the Bat flitted o'er the auspicious noose;
 While Art diffus'd around thy magic room
 From Stars of yellow glass a golden gloom,
 And bade the entranced visitant survey
 Thy pure mosaic, and thy rich inlay,
 The dusky parchment, and the nicer stain
 Dy'd on the page in Stratford's antique grain:
 Hail! and the Rod of SHAKSPEARE wield alone:
 See thy own CHALMERS, Champion of thy Throne!

Mr.

(*d*) It is an odd observation of Horace, that "*Offenduntur quibus est Equus*." See Boscawen's Translation.—J. HARGRAVE.

(*e*) "*Sovran*." The word is written in this manner in compliment to Mr. Ireland, who admires unusual and sublime spelling.—J. HARGRAVE.

(*f*) Alluding to the testimonies of the learned and intelligent to the authenticity of the Shakspeare Papers, with all the signatures, too numerous and too well-known to transcribe, viz! Dr. Parr, &c. &c.—J. H.

MR. IRELAND.

How sweet, my EGERTON, thy rapt'rous voice!
 Clear is thy head, and CHALMERS is thy choice.
 'Twas mine to dive in Earth with step profound
 For Prosper's Staff, and bid my Plummel found
 The depths, where buried slept his wizard roll,
 And Common Truth and Common Sense control;
 No giant talk; "weak masters as they are,"
 Their nerves all pliant, and their semblance fair;
 Well sung the Knight, that "Pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated softly, as to cheat."

MR. BECKET (g).

Avaunt!—nor hope from me endearing sounds,
 Nor tongue light-tripping o'er these Fairy grounds:
 No, miserable Pair!—with scorn I view
 Your Scrip Arcadian, and your Stockings Blue.

Have

(g) In this speech the reader will perceive the tremendous effects of ungovernable passion on a poetical mind, like Mr. Becket's which, though enthusiastic, is generally led by the softer Muses. There is much of the sublime and terrible in his Address to Mr. Egerton, enforced by the boldest figures, not without the cadence and harmony of the elder Bards. Mr. Becket is possessed with the whole soul of Ajax; the appropriated Hero of all deep resentment.

BECKET in ardua prior, nulloque sub Indice venit;
 Nec refert, verus furor ille an creditus esset!

J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the *Humanities*
 in Aberdeen.

Have ye not heard, when o'er the trembling Foe
 My loud *Auruncian* Trump on high 'gan blow,
 How Sophists, Poetafters, Atheists fled,
 And e'en some Ministers would droop the head;
 Impostors, Hirelings, Dastards, all stood mute,
 Abash'd, confounded in MY (*h*) fam'd PURSUIT?
 IRELAND, from thee I turn: thy views are known,
 Left to the boards of Drury, and MALONE.
 But THOMAS, thou base Bookseller, retire
 To CURL, and MIST, or modern DUTTON's Choir:
 See DILLY (*i*) frowns, with RICHARD (*h*) by his side;
 And NICOLL, of Pall-mall the prop and pride,

Chief

(*h*) I have it in my power to announce to the Public, without the least doubt or hesitation, that Mr. THOMAS BECKET, Bookseller, in Pall-mall, is the sole and unassisted Author, Composer, and Publisher of "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE." He has come forward candidly, and openly confessed it, *like a man*; and I can add also, what is not so generally known, that about a year ago Mr. B. was summoned before the P—y C——l— and severely examined touching his celebrated Poem, by Mr. P. Lord G. Lord L——gh, Mr. D. the M——r of the R——s, the A——y G——l, and other Officers of State; and, though the utility and merit of *his* Work was allowed BY ALL THE MINISTERS, *nem. diff.* yet he was saved from actual commitment by the interference and friendly pleasantry of Lord L——gh alone. But can it be a matter of surprise that *Acis* should yield to the blandishments of *GALATEA*? —From an Anonymous MS. communication, *penes me*, JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*i*) THIS PROCESSION OF INDIGNANT LONDON BOOK-SELLERS with Mr. Dilly at their head frowning, as they pass, on their Military Brother Egerton, is finely imagined, and is peculiarly terrific. Whether the idea was taken from the *Seven Chiefs against Thebes* by Æschylus, or the spectres of the Kings in *Macbeth* by Shakspeare, I cannot determine

G

Chief of that sprightly Band, whose mirth and peace
 Nor can admit, nor yet desire *increase* (l);
 Botanic WHITE rejects thee, solemn PAYNE,
 And splendid EDWARDS with Morocco train;
 WALTER, on whom Arabian glories smile,
 His *Phoenix* (ll) bold o'er Learning's funeral pile;
 And CADELL, panting for the Civic Crown, (m)
 Swords, chains, and giants figur'd on his gown;
 And Lydian ROBINSON, whose purse and prefs
 Not WALPOLE could affright, nor JONES distress; (mm)
 And RIVINGTON, to whom e'en Bishops bow,
 ELMSLEY the shrewd, and dark-brown BREMNER's brow;
 He too, whose orb with smiles alternate greet
 The Sons of Cam and Nymphs of Oxford-street,
 Accommodating LUNN (n), whose rise and fall
 VINCE best deserves o'er Granta's learned ball.

See

termine; but I think Mr. Becket is, like the son of Euphrosion, impetuous, abrupt, sublime.—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the Humainities.

(h) Richard Cumberland, Esq. a great friend of Mr. Dilly and his learned Patella.

“ Archaicis conviva recumbere lectis.”

J. MAC TAGGART, Professor, &c.

(l) Mr. Becket seems to allude to some agreeable Society or Club, which is *Unincreaseable*, as it should appear. I despair of the precise meaning of this rather obscure passage.

—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(ll) A Bookseller auspicious to the rising of Science, at the *Phoenix* Insurance Office.

(m) Mr. Alderman CADELL, now in just and eager expectation of

“ Poms without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.”

See, to what distinction and dignity Literature conducts it's patrons and votaries! JASPER HARGRAVE.

(mm) Horace Walpole's and Sir W. Jones's Works, the one in five volumes, the other in six Volumes, *Imperial Quarto*!

See LACKINGTON, at whom the Muses stare,
 Bound in their Temple fast by Munroe's-square (*nn*);
 At thee e'en JOHNSON starts, and either BELL;
 (One mourns his *Monk*, and one rings *Crusca's* knell),
 Repentant RIDGWAY, PHILIPS from the Seine,
 The Pamphlet Tribes, dull, selfish, low and vain,
 With the strange, motley, Gallic, German crew,
 Who feast and starve by turns on KOTZEBUE;
 All, all disdain thee in this *social* age!—
 But wherefore waste my Bibliopolish rage?
 Nor Bookseller art thou, nor Books thy care:
 Camps are thy Shops—thyself a Man of War!
 Hence to yon Guards, where WYNDHAM's palate nice
 On *Cestrian* (*o*) *parings* feeds his Clerks, like Mice;

Where

(*n*) W. H. LUNN, of the Classical, Philological and Mathematical Library, No. 332, Oxford-street, and in Cambridge, who is said to divide his learned attention between *these two* Seminaries, to accommodate all parties. I am told that in the Cambridge Almanac his *rising* and *setting* in the University is accurately calculated by the Rev. S. Vince, the Plumian Professor of Astronomy, in the same manner with that of *Venus*; when W. H. LUNN will be a *Morning*, and when an *Evening Star*, on which observation much depends in that luminous University.—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the *Humainities*.

(*nn*) Mr. Lackington has very auspiciously placed the Temple of the Muses close to Bedlam.—J. H.

(*o*) Used in compliment to Mr. Windham's celebrated *Cheese-parings*; but the Right Honourable Secretary has since adopted a Sertorian, or rather Sartorian phraseology, and advised us not "to cabbage from our own coat." Q. Metellus an Elliot?—In the Report on THE NATIONAL CHEESE, it appeared that Mr. Lewis, the Deputy Secretary at War, had more than *eighteen thousand* slices of a *pound sterling each*, to his own share, above three times the quantity allowed to THE GREAT MOUSE, or First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer *anted*; and the other Clerks *Ex* and *In* (*Tray*, *Blanch*, and

Where LEWIS smiles at SHERIDAN and Wit,
 BURKE and Reform, and Eloquence and PITT;
 There plead with trumpet-tongue thy crimson trade,
 Tactics and Triggers, Breechings and Brigade;
 There mount thy Austrian Cock and Austrian Tail,
 And turn the Fencibles of Pindus pale!
 Yet boast not thou, vain Renegado Knight,
 Thy patriot soul, and ardour in the fight;
 Seest thou those mournful Bands; and prudent YORK,
 Those Samnite trenches, and that Caudine Fork?
 Ah, more than Traitor to thy Country's cause,
 Her ill-farr'd prowess; and her injur'd Laws;
 Thou friend to BRUNE, and DAENDEL'S best Ally;
 Hence: and my deep-aim'd, righteous vengeance fly!
 By thee BRITANNIA first was taught to crouch:—
 If e'er short slumbers ease thy guilty Couch,
 Thee, Caitiff, shall SIR RALPH, the Soldiers' Friend,
 And gallant MOORE, and hapless MORRIS rend,
 And curse with me, with all, that fatal day
 When thou couldst empty send SIR RALPH away,
 (Thou shame and scorn of Martin's gallant train,
 With plumbean Auster heavy on thy brain),
 And dare prefer, to patriot feelings cold,
 Chalmerian Lead to RALPHO'S proffer'd gold (*p*).

CHALMERS

Sweetheart) all in fair proportion. It is imagined they will never let the Cheese drop from their mouths, except a Vulpine Committee should flatter them into a Song, which is very much to be desired.—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the Humainities.

(*p*) The entire failure of the Expedition to Holland has been attributed by the best and most candid judges (and not by Mr. Becket alone) to Mr. Egerton's unfortunate refusal of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie's offer, *on the part*

CHALMERS had lock'd the Dutch in senseless sleep,
Nor left DUNDAS and PITT to wake and weep,
Sad Ministry! —yet righteous sure their aim,
Just every plan, and *thine alone* the blame.

Hence: in thy dream may Gallia's Chief ascend,
The Star of JULIUS beaming on his end;
May Harpies rise, and Gorgons fierce invade,
And the dread form of THE TRICORPORAL SHADE! (q)
The God of Sleep abhors thy visage pale;
Nor e'en the Lead of CHALMERS shall avail!

Mr.

part of Government, to take the whole impression, *ad valorem*, of Mr. CHALMERS'S SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY and POSTSCRIPT *en masse*, to be shipped and used as *sheet-lead* against the French and Dutch. The minute account of this transaction was related in the *Chalmeriana*, No. III. It was notorious to the whole kingdom that Mr. Chalmers's LEAD would have done ten times the execution that any other species would: but such is the respect in this Country for private property, that the Minister, though repeatedly urged, could not be prevailed on to put it in State Requisition. Hence the failure of the whole Expedition, and hence the indignation of the Poetical Bookseller against his Military brother.—JASPER HAR-
GRAVE.

(q) This phrase and the application of it would be allowed to be happy even by *our own* Campbell, in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric." The new Revolutionary Monster, or, the Provisional Tri-Consular Power in the persons of DUCOS, SIEYES, and BUONAPARTE, with all their Satellites in the plenitude of Military Despotism, cannot be better expressed than in Virgil's words,

Gorgones, Harpyiæque, et FORMA TRICORPORIS UMBRÆ!

J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the *Humanities*
at Aberdeen.

Mr. EGERTON, (*a*)

Loud words, good Sir, the sense alone offend ;
 But Authors shake, when Bookfellers contend :
 Anger like thine is madness in degree ;
 This truth from HORACE take, or learn of ME.
 Ah, think of LINTOT, think of CIBBER's fame,
 Who gently took all that ungently came ;
 In FULLER too this homely proverb see,
 " Two of the self-same trade can ne'er agree."
 When CHREMES-like (*b*) I heard a Brother speak,
 I thought, my BECKET, thy discourse was Greek !

Thou

(*a*) Mr. Egerton in his reply to Mr. Becket appears to that advantage, which a man who is cool and in possession of himself must necessarily have over one who is transported by any passion or ecstacy. Mr. Egerton's military character, as one of the St. Martin's Volunteer Corps, will account for his calm, collected state of mind. The ease, the softness, and the simplicity of his speech is finely contrasted with the Papinian or Theban violence of Mr. Becket, which nothing but the fervour of Patriotism could excuse in that learned and poetical, but rather hasty, Bookfeller. The unaffected display of his Volunteer services in arms, the candid acknowledgment of his fatal error in Politics, and the *amende honorable* which he offers to his Country, must for ever number Mr. Egerton, of the Military Library Whitehall, among the most distinguished friends of Great Britain. *Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.*—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the *Humainities*, &c.

(*b*) A beautiful allusion to Horace and his *Art of Poetry* ;
 ————— *Interdum vocem Comedia tollit ;*
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.
 For the propriety of these allusions see *our own* Campbell's
Philosophy of Rhetoric, J. MAC TAGGART, Professor, &c.

Thou know'st, I ever as companions chose
 Thy various verse and many-languag'd prose; (c)
 Thine is the Critic's, thine the Poet's wreath,
 And down thy Mall Cremona's gales shall breathe!
 Thou know'st, how gentle by the coaly Shore
 My Arms, my Lifts, my Faculties I bore;
 How in yon Mews I took my fearless stand,
 And cock'd my piece at valiant CRAIG's (d) command.
 But though, by WYNDHAM's dialectics prest,
 I still denied Sir RALPHO's high request (e),
 Think not my heart can Gallie phrenzy feel,
 Or I regardless of my Country's weal.
 No!—then to English might DUNDAS pretend,
 Or PITT receive ONE POET for his friend;

Gout

(c) I have been credibly informed that Mr. Egerton constantly places "The Pursuits of Literature," the sole composition of Mr. Becket, under his pillow, to assist his midnight meditations. A Soldier, like Mr. Egerton, always has the example of Cæsar before his eyes, as Lucan describes him;

Media inter prælia semper
 Stellarum Cœlique plagis, Superisque vacavi!
 How neat and appropriate!—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor
 of the Humainities, &c.

(d) ALEXANDER CRAIG, Esq. Examining Clerk
 of the Board of Works, one of the Commanders of the
 St. Martin's Corps of Volunteers.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(e) i. e. Mr. Egerton's direct refusal of General Sir
 Ralph Abercromby's offer on the part of Government to take
 the whole of Mr. Chalmers's Supplemental Apology ad valo-
 rem, *en masse*, to be shipped on the late expedition as *sheet*
lead, and used against the Dutch. See a former Illustration.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

Gout yield to Metals, or Magnetic touch;
 Or PORTLAND gabble Demarara Dutch (*f*);
 Of Worms and Pills Sir ARCHY cease to *sing*,
 Or CARLISLE echo back the praise of CHING (*g*)!
 No!—my ideas, from sensation sprung
 And strong reflection (*h*), high my fancy strung,

Taught

(*f*) Since the capture of all the Foreign Settlements of the Dutch in Surinam, and Demarara, I am informed that Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dundas, the Duke of Portland, Lord Grenville, the Earl of Chatham, Lord Chancellor Loughborough, and Mr. Wyndham, have been deeply engaged in studying Dutch under Mr. Janson, Professor of Languages to the Dukes of York, to enable them to speak and write it fluently, and in grammatical purity; but Mr. Pitt, as I hear, though of infinite quickness of apprehension, has made little progress in that fascinating language, and the Cabinet say, there is but little hope of the Duke of Portland's *proficiency*. Hence Mr. Egerton's calm assertion.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*g*) Mr. Egerton refers to a beautiful and affecting Epistolary Duet, *sung* every other day between Sir Archibald Macdonald, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Edward Vernon, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, in honour of Mr. CHING and his WORM PILLS. See every newspaper in the kingdom. It appears also from some other clear and valuable letters given to the public, that the Vice Chancellor and the Esquire Beadles of the University of Oxford have been grievously troubled with worms, but Mr. CHING has purged that celebrated University to its sound and pristine health; for which he deserves an epistle in verse himself, and he shall have one, if I have time to copy it fair.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*h*) Mr. Egerton always adopted Mr. Locke's system; and his known settled dislike and contempt of *Scotch* Metaphysics have alienated Mr. Chalmers's affection from him, and I think very justly.—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor, &c. from Aberdeen.

Taught me to prize o'er all domestic peace,
 And in the germ bid factious Scions cease.
 Better, when Sugars fell and Taxes rose,
 Merchants and Traders should o'er Income doze;
 Better their senses in oblivion sleep,
 That all, who bear not arms, might sink in sleep;
 Better *at home* might drizzling CHALMERS rain
 Drops Paregoric on the public brain;
 For sure I deem'd, misled by vulgar fame,
 Lethéan Lakes and Belgian Dykes the same!
 Ah me! too late my Country's woes I mourn:—
 Hadst thou, profound APOLOGIST (i), been torn
 By Patriot Arms from my reluctant side,
 Thy Leaves of *Lead*, without thy person, tried;
 Helder had still in proud defiance stood,
 And Holland felt old England's Walls of Wood;
 Stanhope had ne'er, on Albion's sea-girt (ii) Place,
 With Burdett chuckled o'er our dire disgrace;
 No Rufs denounc'd our tardy steps to PAUL (k);
 No BRÜNE exclaim'd, "Capitulate, or Fall!"

Pardon

(i) This sublime and unexpected transition and apostrophe to Mr. Chalmers may rank among the happiest efforts of poetry in any language. In this manner Virgil,

Tu, Nubigenas, invicte, bimembres,
 Hylæumque Pholumque manu, tu Cressia mactas
 Prodigia, &c.

J. MAC TAGGART, Professor, &c.

(ii) I suppose Mr. Egerton alludes to Lord Stanhope's and Sir Francis Burdett's *Marine Conferences* in *Albion Place* at Ramsgate, during the embarkation of the troops for Holland in October last.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(k) "Our Allies, from causes unknown to me, were two hours too late." General Hesse's Letter to the Emperor

Pardon this home-felt truth, thou man of weight!—
I bow to YORK, Sir RALPHO, and the State.

MR. CHALMERS.

Ah! thus deform'd can Bookfellers appear,
One pale with rage, and haggard one with fear?
But who shall e'er, when wordy storms rage high,
To BECKET or to CAPANEUS (*m*) reply?
What, like DARIUS (*n*) at my utmost need,
Must I without a friend deserted bleed?
To thee, thou patron, dæmon (*o*) of my book,
The Scot exclaims, "Where got'st thou that (*p*) Goofe-look?"

No

peror Paul. See the Peterburgh Court Gazette, Oct. 22, 1799. But see our own Gazette, and the report of every British Officer of distinction in the most direct opposition to it.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*m*) How terrific is this allusion to Statius by Mr. Chalmers, now on the verge of distraction himself!

Bella protervi

Arcados, atque alio CAPANEUS horrore canendus!

J. MAC TAGGART, Professor, &c.

(*n*) The broken, affecting, melancholy interruptions of sense in the twelve following lines, occasioned by the rapid unconnected transitions of ideas, in which Mr. Chalmers calls up successively Persians, Greeks, Romans, Scots and English, Darius, Macbeth, Dolon, Shakspeare, Mr. Egerton, Julius Cæsar, Lord Bolingbroke, St. Martin, Pope, and Sir Ralph Abercromby, in a mixed congregated confusion of words, history, and metaphors, strongly mark the disturbed state of Mr. Chalmers's imagination, and the phrenzied impotence of that unhappy Critic.

"So fits give vigour, just when they destroy."

J. MAC TAGGART, Professor, &c.

(*o*) Addressing Mr. Egerton. It is difficult to conceive a situation more melancholy and distressing than Mr. Egerton's;

No warrior thou: a low, mean, hireling Spy,
 In SHAKSPEARE'S camp, like DOLON, sent to pry:
 Thee from my vengeful arm, thus basely fold,
 Nor MARTIN shall protect, nor RALPHO'S gold.
 Yet, though too plain these pages (*q*) must pretend
 THOU wert my *guide*, my bookseller, and friend,
 Think not this wounded spirit e'er shall call,
 "THOU TOO, MY EGERTON?"—then CHALMERS fall.

No: to thee, IRELAND, for relief I turn,
 For thee and SHAKSPEARE with like ardour burn:
 'Tis all vain impotence; to pigmy bulk
 MALONE shall shrink, and dastard STEEVENS skulk.
 See'st thou this POSTSCRIPT (*r*)? Shall it e'er be said,
 "My saws were toothless, and my hatchet *Lead* (*s*)?"

Did

Egerton's; he is totally deprived of the friendship of Mr. Chalmers, and left in full possession of his book.

(*p*) *Goose*. "A large fowl, proverbially noted, I know not why, for foolishness." Dr. Johnson's Definition; Engl. Dict.—JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*q*) i. e. Mr. C.'s Supplemental Apology and Postscript.

(*r*) The Knight of the Leaden Mace himself, and all the readers of *his Postscript*, will in no very long time be forced to accede to the following description and opinion of it:

"Sans rien omettre, il raconta fort bien
 "Ce qu'il favoit:—*mais il ne favoit rien.*"

JASPER HARGRAVE.

(*s*) A line from Pope, adopted by Mr. Chalmers, and said to be constantly in his mind.

Did ever Indian with more brutal knife
 Scalp, yet preserve the quivering strings of life?
 Did ever Priest, in MOLOCH's gloomy fane,
 More grimly pleas'd with blood his idol stain?
 Curse on my star! I hear AUGUSTUS cry,
 Forbear; MARCELLUS (*t*) shall not, cannot die.
 To SATURN's orb my dusky flight I'll wing,
 And sail incumbent o'er his fullen Ring (*u*);

BECKET

(*t*) Marcellus—Mr. THOMAS BECKET, Bookseller, the sole unassisted author and publisher of the Pursuits of Literature. But if any man should be so unwarrantably sceptical as even to hint a doubt of Mr. B.'s free, voluntary, and manly confession and deposition, there is not, *at present*, one iota of evidence against any other person of what rank, name, or distinction soever.

WM. OWEN, jun. Barrister at Law.

J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the Humainities.

JASPER HARGRAVE, Clerk to Mr. OWEN, Jun.

(*u*) THE TRANSIT OF CHALMERS OVER THE PLANET SATURN would make a fine subject for the pencil of Mr. Fuseli, and might be engraved on a large scale as a transparent print, and placed on the table during the readings of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset Place. Though the CHALMERIAN TRANSIT may perhaps be best seen through a *smoked* glass, yet it is imagined from some late *penetrating* discoveries communicated by Dr. Herschell to the Royal Society, that Mr. Chalmers will be visible even to the naked eye in his flight, and in his own dimensions, considerably beyond the sphere of Mars, and in the confines of Jupiter. But according to the very *intelligible* doctrine of the French Citizen Astronomer Lambert, namely, that *distance* does not diminish the brightness of a great luminous object, I am told that Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal, has given it as his opinion, that Mr. CHALMERS will appear *as bright* when hovering over the ring of Saturn, as he does now when viewed from Oxford, Cambridge,

BECKET shall howl beneath, remote from *Jove*,
Nor in the fields of *Mars* that Recreant (x) rove;
But each with groans mephitic air shall draw,
Embrac'd by *Scorpion* (y) with contracted claw.

He foam'd and paus'd; then with a blasting look,
THE PONDEROUS SCEPTRE from the table took;
One stroke he aim'd at each devoted Elf,
But felt reflected vengeance on himself;
Saturnian vapours from his *Mace* ascend,
His words, his strength, his wrath in slumbers end:
The Parlour own'd one universal nap,
And STOCKDALE yawn'd, and sunk on CHAUCHARD's Map (z).

bridge, Greenwich, or Stratford, over the meridian of London.—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor, &c.

(x) Mr. Egerton.

(y) I think this is an improvement on the delicate Mantuan compliment to Augustus concerning the politeness of *Scorpion*, when he offered to make room for the Emperor upstairs. But on my starting this opinion, Mr. Jasper Hargrave was more inclined to consider it as alluding to the fraternal embrace of a modern French Director or Consul, to which, as to a *Scorpion*, Mr. Chalmers appears eager to consign the two Poets, Becket and Egerton. Perhaps he is right; yet consult Professor Heyne's *Excursus* on the *Celi justa pars*.—J. MAC TAGGART, Professor of the Humanities.

(z) A celebrated Map of Germany by CAPTAIN CHAUCHARD, now re-printing under a numerous and most respectable patronage, by Mr. STOCKDALE, who hopes that as not a single copy will be touched by Mr. Chalmers or his Leaden Mace previous to its delivery, no one will sleep over it, but himself.—JASPER HARGRAVE, Nov. 1799.

THE END OF THE ECLOGUE.

P. S.

(P.S.) SIR,

It is my intention to transmit to you shortly the titles or contents of the remaining part of the List, as I doubt not it will be agreeable to you and your readers.

I am Your's, &c. &c.

OWEN, JUNIOR.

To be continued.







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